ANSELMO:

A

TALE OF ITALY.

BY

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Author of "Italy and the Italians," *&c. &c. &c.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

.... FORSAN ET HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

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PREFACE.

THE following Tale is intended as a sketch of the manners and habits of the South Italians, as they were seen at the close of the last and beginning of the present centuries. It embraces a period of twenty years—a period most fertile in events of a public nature; the narrative, therefore, of those events forms a prominent part in the book. In those disastrous times, public and private fortunes were so blended together, that it is impossible to describe the latter without adverting to the former. The interests, the property, the life of every one were often at stake; all the elements of society were in fermentation, and the poor, as well as the rich, the obscure as well as the noble, were tossed about in the general storm. Anselmo is therefore a picture of public events, as well as of domestic incidents. It is a description of scenes drawn from reality; some traced at the time on paper, others treasured up by memory.

There is hardly an incident of any importance in these volumes, which is not founded on facts. Fiction has done little more than combining them in one connected narrative. The localities are generally preserved, as well as the order of time. One error of memory has inadvertently occurred in the first volume, about the epoch of La Touche's visit to Naples with the French fleet, which took place, not in the passion week, but during the advent, and within the nine days preceding Christmas, days of prayer and fasting, known by the name of *La Vigilia di Natale*.

The description of public characters mentioned in the work, and who appeared at the time on the political stage of Italy, has been traced with a sedulous regard to historical fidelity. Almost all those personages are now dead, and they belong therefore to history; they are spoken of here without either partiality or rancour—their faults are neither overlooked nor magnified. Few men resemble angels or demons—all have capabilities which may be turned to good or to evil, and most follow the impulse of the circumstances in which they are placed. The circumstances of Italy, in the epoch herein described, were of an extraordi-

nary nature, and they acted upon individuals in an extraordinary manner. An eloquent writer, who has lately revived in Italy the style of the great Italian historians of the sixteenth century, Carlo Botta, in his recently published history of his country, observes, in speaking of the period we allude to:—"Tutti errarono, Pontefice, Imperatori, Re, Cardinali, Vescovi, preti, nobili, popolani. Almeno imparassero i potenti à non giudicar gli uomini à norma di una perfezione che non è del mondo, ed a conoscere la debolezza propria in quella d'altrui." They all erred—all were carried along by the irresistible stream. They seemed to have lost the compass of moral conduct. There are times when man is put to trials for which his mind is not prepared, not having been previously disciplined by unearthly considerations.

If any reader should object that the author has made Anselmo speak and act at times in a manner which seems above his age, he will remember, first, that the scene is Italy, where man, both physically and morally, is susceptible of quick maturity; and, secondly, that early adversity, and above all the sight of great national calamities, assist wonderfully in developing the youthful mind, and lifting it to the

level of the times. To use the words of a French lady, many young men having crossed the sea of the revolution, found themselves at the close to have outrun their years by a quarter of a century. This has been to them some sort of compensation for broken spirits, broken fortunes, broken constitutions, and minds tainted by the knowledge of evil.

Persons acquainted with Italian scenery may find an interest in following Anselmo in his wanderings, by sea and by land, through regions of never-dying interest. It is the scenery of Italy and its glorious sky which will always constitute the chief attractions of that land.

Italy, such as it is, forms still a very important part of Europe; the state of mind in it cannot therefore be uninteresting. That mind is not stationary; it is, and has been for a long time past, in a course of progression; the period to which Anselmo refers establishes the connexion between the old and the new eras.

That an account of such a period by a spectator may prove interesting to British readers is the wish of the writer, who has already portrayed as a traveller the present features of the same country.



ANSELMO.

CHAPTER I.

THE family of Prince D., which reckoned among its ancestors a pontiff and several cardinals, was one of the high nobility of Rome, and among the most conspicuous for regularity, decorum, and a discriminating and judicious liberality. The Prince himself, whose health had been for some time in a very unfavourable state, resigned the care of all family concerns to his lady, a stately matron, who bore the honours of her rank with becoming dignity. She had two children, one boy, who was to succeed to his father's titles and property, and a daughter. This latter was named Leonora, and, according to the etiquette of southern Italy, which resembles that of Spain, she was styled Donna Leonora.

This young lady was brought up under the particular care of her mother, whose favourite she was. Endowed with good sense and quickness of perception, she received the usual female education of Italy, namely, the fashionable accomplishments of her sex, a good acquaintance with her own language and French, and strict religious principles. No other information was then, or is still, thought necessary to the generality of Italian ladies. Though she could not be styled handsome, she was elegant in her person, and of a pleasing address. Her uncle, a cardinal, was often amused by her repartees and display of childish sagacity. As she approached her sixteenth year, she began to appear at her mother's evening parties, which consisted chiefly of men of mature age, and dignitaries of the church. She received compliments and flatteries as a matter of course, and she paid but little attention to the superannuated gallantry of her mother's visitors. She was not insensible of her rank, and received the marks of attention that were paid to her as her due; yet she imbibed from her mother and her teachers sentiments of kindness and benevolence to her inferiors, and a less exclusive idea of aristocratic distinctions than was generally entertained by persons of her class.

Being the only female child, and her mother's darling, she acquired habits of positiveness and self-will, which were not, perhaps, sufficiently checked by her indulgent parents. But she was particularly kind and affable towards aged persons of whatever rank they might be, and was benevolent to her domestics. With these qualities, and brought up in the midst of affluence, she might have expected a happy futurity; but that was not to be her lot.

Marriage is too often the rock on which the frail bark of female happiness is wrecked. This is peculiarly the case with women of rank, and in countries strictly aristocratic. Donna Leonora was made a bride at the age of eighteen; she was married by proxy to a rich nobleman of Naples. Her marriage was settled between her parents and the relatives of the bridegroom, without her inclination being consulted. Indeed her inclination was decidedly opposed to it, for when the Duke, for such was his title, came to visit his intended bride at her father's mansion, so uncouth and unprepossessing was his exterior, and so disagreeable his manners, that the young lady, on seeing him, fainted away, and was never after prevailed upon to see him again during his stay at Rome. However they talked to her so much about the advantages of

the match ; about her becoming mistress of three or four large estates ; about the gaieties of Naples, and the delight of going to court ; about her splendid settlement—that Donna Leonora signed the *Capitoli* of the contract, kneeling before her mother, while her princely brother was walking up and down the apartment discussing with the lawyers about the portion she was to receive from her family. Donna Leonora was the favourite of her mother, and her dowry was ample and perfectly adequate to her rank ; but the advantages of a suitable match, and the difficulty of meeting with such a one, were paramount in the minds of her relatives, and she was sacrificed thus for fear she should not meet with an equally rich husband. Her marriage turned out to be what it might have been expected—a source of misery. The Duke was a man of boisterous coarse habits, of gross understanding, and withal obstinate, arrogant, and punctilious. The bride had been brought up in the retired dignified manner to which the courtly etiquette of the great Roman families subjects young females. The Duke had made his course of education chiefly among his father's servants ; he was fond of gambling, kept late hours, picked up frequent quarrels, and was on a footing of familiarity with his own servants : his

lady was fond of reading, of retirement, of the society of a few intimate friends, of enjoying the beauties of nature in that most beautiful country. If she ordered her carriage to go out, he did not like her going without him; if she requested his company, he saw no pleasure in going "to look at the trees," as he expressed himself, in ridicule of his wife's taste for country scenery.

A complete dissimilarity of disposition prevented the feelings,—not of love, for that was out of the question,—but even of regard and courtesy from harbouring long with the new married couple. Donna Leonora, high-spirited, but resigned to her fate, suffered in silence. She went with her husband to his estates in the province. There, among the rude simplicity of tenants, and the homages paid by them to their feudal mistress, she would have forgotten her domestic vexations; but the Duke's visits to the country, like those of the Neapolitan nobility in general, were short; he pined for the crowded noisy walks of Naples, the faro table, and the glittering San Carlo.

On their return to Naples, the Duke, seeing that his wife was not enraptured with his manner of living, that she was often alone in her *boudoir*, that she wrote long letters to Rome, and that she seldom went to any party, took it into

his head to be jealous; although Donna Leonora had never thought for a moment of availing herself of the common resource of a *cavalier servente:* he behaved more absurdly than ever. He dismissed the favourite attendants of his wife; he forbade her corresponding even with her parents without his knowledge; he threatened her; and, at last, as she excused herself from appearing at table, he one day, after a scene of outrage, confined her to her rooms. Donna Leonora, left without a friend to whom she could confide her grief, pined away in the solitude of her splendid apartments. She regretted the quiet domestic society of her parents, her native Rome, her beloved country-seat at Frescati: at last, she fell ill; a physician was sent for, and declared that exercise was absolutely necessary for the preservation of her health. The Duke grumbled, but consented; he was afraid of her relations at Rome, who had written strong remonstrances on the treatment of their relative.

Next morning, Donna Leonora bade the coachman drive her on the road to Portici, then the favourite residence of the court. When about a mile from the royal palace, she ordered the carriage to stop, saying, she wished to walk a little way. The footman, a good-natured old servant, followed her. As she approached the royal

palace, she quickened her steps; at last, she crossed the spacious courts, and found herself under the lofty portico. Assuming all the composure she could command, she asked of a sentry the way to the apartments of the Queen's first lady in waiting. The man pointed to a winding staircase. The old domestic was staring in mute astonishment at his mistress.

"Good Gennaro," said Donna Leonora, turning to him, "you must leave me. To the Duke's palace I cannot return. You may go back to Naples with the carriage, and tell the Duke you have left me at Portici." And so saying, she skipped up the steps of the winding stair-case. Her name obtained her an easy access to the lady in waiting, to whom Donna Leonora stated that she must speak to her Majesty upon a matter of vital importance to herself. She was admitted privately into the royal presence.

Queen Caroline was in her private library, standing by a table thickly strewed with papers, petitions, and letters. The *saffata*, or lady in waiting, was standing near the door. Caroline of Austria was then in the full pride of womanhood. She had come to Naples in the early bloom of youth, a handsome and highly-accomplished princess, married to a boy of seventeen, who, although endowed with natural abilities,

had been shamefully neglected; whose habits and tastes were coarse, and whose indolence made him an instrument in the hands of intriguing courtiers. Caroline soon perceived that she must either obtain a full sway over her husband's mind, or be reduced to a state of neglect and humiliation, the very idea of which the pride of a daughter of Maria Theresa could not brook for a moment. She was then obliged, in her own defence, to employ those fine talents she had received from nature, and which a finished education had greatly assisted, in counteracting the machinations of the courtiers by all the arts in her power; and thus she acquired those habits of intrigue which clung to her to the remotest epoch of her life. The plots of the minister of the day, who, in order to preserve his influence over the young King, did not disdain to employ those means of seduction over his youthful passions, of which precedents may be found in the history of corrupt courts, were discovered and thwarted by the Queen. If she could not prevent her husband's wanderings, she took care that no female should approach him who could have attractions enough to make a lasting impression on him, or spirit enough to make use of her influence. The minister, after a long struggle, was sacrificed, and

the famous John Acton succeeded him. But, in favouring Acton's elevation, Caroline gave herself a master, with whom however she contrived for many years to share that authority about which the King was reckless. The Queen set up a novelty which was unheard of till then in the kingdom of Naples, and indeed in any of the kingdoms ruled by Bourbon dynasties, in which, one of the lasting principles is the exclusion of females from the government. This novelty was, that the Queen requested and obtained a seat and vote in the council of state. Caroline was ambitious, clever, and well informed, like all the daughters of the house of Austria : she has been blamed for having given full scope to her passion for power ; but could it not be said in her defence, that in a court where the King had not the wish nor the mind to use his authority, it was natural for his wife to take from his careless hands the sceptre which he would not hold, rather than see it fall into those of ministers or favourites who would only wield it for their own private and corrupt views ? Such is the misfortune of absolute governments, that though the Sovereign be not a man of genius and of a strong enlightened mind, yet no one can replace him without injury to the interests of the state.

However, at the time we are speaking of, the

court intrigues did but little affect as yet the peace and welfare of the people; on the contrary many abuses were reformed. The Queen and Acton being both endowed with energy, and not bigotted to religious prejudices, they tended to affranchise the kingdom from the trammels of the see of Rome, as well as from the servitude in which the court of Madrid wished to continue that fine country, which it had so long and so mercilessly ruled in the old spirit of Spanish ruthless policy. It was under Ferdinand and Caroline, that Naples had, for the first time, a government of its own, independent of the cabinet of the Escurial. The Marquess Tanucci had begun the emancipation from the papal see, whose antiquated pretensions were still kept alive by the annual tribute of the white *haquenée* and of a purse, containing twelve thousand ducats, which the sovereigns of Naples presented on the eve of St. Peter's day, as a mark of their acknowledgment of the supremacy of the popes over their kingdom. Able writers were encouraged in showing the groundlessness of those pretensions, and the tribute was at last discontinued. At the same time, superfluous convents and nunneries were suppressed.

But, in shaking off the old trammels, the Queen could not forget the country of her birth,

and Austrian influence, although of a more indirect kind, succeeded that of Spain.

The Queen drew closer and closer the bonds which united the Neapolitan Bourbons to the Austrian family, by several intermarriages with the branches of the latter house that reigned over Tuscany and the north of Italy. Many subjects of those states, who came to Naples, were favoured, and raised to the civil and military stations of the kingdom. This tended to depress the national spirit of the Neapolitans, which had been sinking during ages of a foreign delegated dominion.

However all this might be, Caroline was then a kind, generous, and amiable Sovereign, wherever her paramount interests were not at stake. She was free of access, especially to those of her own sex, listened to their complaints, and often obtained them redress from the King. There was a fascination in her manners, which was felt and confessed by all. Though not so handsome as her sister of France, yet she had a pleasing expression of features, a noble carriage, and a good person, with remarkably fine arms and hands, which she was rather fond of displaying.

She received Donna Leonora with a half smile, accompanied by a penetrating look. She recol-

lected her having been presented at court on the occasion of her marriage. "Duchess," she said, "what happy accident brings you to me at this unexpected moment. Methinks we have not had the pleasure of seeing you at the palace for a long time."

"I am a woman and a stranger, come to claim the protection of your Majesty, who is known as the protectress of strangers and of women." Donna Leonora then stated what she had suffered, and the fears she was under respecting her life, from the violence of her husband, and from the hatred of her step-mother, were she to return home. She begged her Majesty to allow her to retire into a convent for the present; she had no wish to remain among the gaieties of the world; and she deposited at the Queen's feet a casket, containing her own jewels, which were worth a considerable sum, and which she had brought with her from her paternal mansion. "These," she said, "are my property; besides which, I have brought more than four times their value into my husband's house, therefore I hope your Majesty will not blame me for endeavouring to secure part of what was my own, in the uncertainty in which I am as to my future wants and resources. At the same time, I beg your Majesty would direct me where I am to deposit this casket, in

order that I may prevent thereby any insinuations of my enemies."

Whatever might be the faults of Caroline of Naples, and many they were, she was warm-hearted, and a tale of distress did not find in her an indifferent listener. She was a woman of a proud mind and strong passions, married to a man in every respect her inferior, and incapable of appreciating her accomplishments, though easily overawed by the superiority of her talent;—a young Queen, in one of the most corrupt courts of Europe, surrounded with servile and at the same time treacherous flatterers;—a stranger, among a fickle, dissipated people, in a country where luxury and voluptuousness have fixed their sway from time immemorial;—what wonder, then, if she became arbitrary, intriguing, and frail. But, the time we are speaking, the darkest pages of her history had not yet began to unfold. Her sister, the lovely Antoinette, had not yet, from the dismal height of the scaffold, evoked those furies which ever after racked the mind of her sister of Naples. Caroline was yet willing to do good, and to render justice to the oppressed; and many at Naples had reason to invoke blessings upon her head. But the acts of her beneficence have been forgotten, while her questionable deeds have been trumpeted out to the world;

and perhaps exaggerated. This is the justice that Sovereigns receive; in this, at least, they share the fate of common mortals.

Queen Caroline listened attentively to the earnest expressions of her youthful supplicant. "My daughter," said she, "you have taken a bold step; yet if, as I do not doubt, you have told me all the truth, I shall certainly protect you to the utmost of my power, but my power (and here she gave a look that contradicted her words), my power is limited; the King, my lord, is somewhat jealous of my interference in favour of strangers, against his natural subjects; and you must be sensible that disputes between man and wife are a peculiarly delicate ground for any one to interfere in. However, I shall see: remain here mean time with the good lady in waiting; keep the casket; to the contents of which I consider you have a right; those baubles are sometimes of great use in this world."

Here the squeaking voice of the King was heard from an adjoining apartment. His Majesty was proceeding to his dinner, which, faithful to old custom, he ate regularly at twelve o'clock. 'Ferdinand was a man of plain and coarse appearance, tall, erect, and firmly knit in his person; his features were strongly marked,

irregular, and deficient in mental expression, beyond that of a certain humour which is peculiar to most Neapolitan countenances. He was fond of athletic exercises, and yet extremely indolent with regard to any exertion of the mind. *Nè Maestra jammo a pranzo*,—this was his salutation; and on he went through the opposite door, croaking to his son who followed him. The Queen nodded slightly to Donna Leonora, who had during this time slunk behind the lady in waiting, half comforted by the kindness of the Queen, half frightened by the unconcerned roughness of the King.

Caroline, however, pleaded and won her suit; and when the Duke's mother came to request an audience of Ferdinand, she was by him referred to the Queen, who assuming an air of cold severity, when the dowager duchess demanded that "Donna Leonora should be sent to a particular monastery to whose abbess she was related," said, "In this she has forestalled you, my lady duchess, for it has been her particular request to me, to retire to a monastery to enjoy some repose, and it is but fair she should have her choice, therefore it shall be that of Donna Romita, which she has named." The Duchess thus foiled, and knowing that Queen Caroline was little disposed to bear contradiction, made a pro-

found obeisance and withdrew. A few days after, Donna Leonora was informed that every thing was ready at the monastery of Donna Romita for her reception. She went to take leave of her royal patroness. "You will remain some time at the monastery," said the Queen to her; "be particularly cautious about appearances; do not afford any advantage to your enemies, and every thing will be settled to your satisfaction. Arrangements will be entered into for a separation, and then you will return to your friends at Rome. Farewell, my daughter." And as Donna Leonora was bending her knee, the Queen, relaxing into a bewitching smile, kissed the forehead of her youthful protegée, and withdrew.

The same day Donna Leonora was installed in the monastery of Donna Romita, where several of her acquaintances were, either as *novizie*, *velate*, or *educande*. She was therefore among friends; and having written to Rome for a female attendant, her confidential maid, Giovannina, who had been with her from her infancy, soon after came to join her. She was mistress of her time, and this was delightful; she could read, and correspond with her friends at Rome, and see her Neapolitan acquaintances every day at the grated windows of the *parlatojo*; she had neat apartments, a fine

garden, and none of the irksome duties of the bound inmates of the house. Meantime a counsellor of great integrity was intrusted with the settlement of her claims upon her husband, and he brought the matter so far, as to obtain for her a maintenance equivalent to the interest of her dowry, as long as she remained separated from him; on condition that she should live either in the monastery, or retire to her mother's house. In Roman Catholic countries, divorces are not granted but in some particular and very rare cases.

One afternoon Donna Leonora was in the *parlatojo*, and had just taken leave of her solicitor, when a foreigner, Mr. De Bree, entered the apartment, and approached the grated window, near which she was sitting with a nun. As soon as he saw the young Duchess he coloured, and making a respectful bow, rang the portress' bell and inquired for Suor Maria Teresa. He then took his station at another window which remained unoccupied.

Mr. De Bree was a native of one of the provinces bordering on the Rhine, which were incorporated with France within the last century, having previously belonged to the German empire. The natives of those countries partake of the dispositions, as they speak the languages, of both

nations. They have something of the French vivacity, ease of manners, and joviality, united to some portion of German steadiness and reflective habit. Mr. De Bree partook of all these qualities. He was a man of the world, and at the same time a man of feeling and of judgment. With a handsome person and a pleasing address, he was also endowed with considerable talents. Being possessed of some independence, he had early become a traveller, and had now been for about two years at Naples, where he came originally to look after some affairs of one of his relatives, who had died in that city. He remained, however, longer than he at first intended, attracted, like many others, by the beauties of the country and of the climate.

Naples was then, just before the first beginning of the French revolution, a truly delightful place for a stranger to live in. It combined the luxuries of Asiatic with those of European countries. People enjoyed the most profound peace, which nothing seemed likely to disturb. With cheapness and plenty, rich products and light taxation, the different classes of society remained stationary, each of them enjoying a competence proportionate to its habits, for their wants did not increase like those of nations more advanced in civilization.

Mr. De Bree had resided for some time in a house opposite Donna Leonora's palace, and had consequently frequent opportunities of seeing her. He heard, as family affairs are easily known at Naples by the reports of servants, that she was unhappy, and he pitied her. Pity is an equivocal feeling in a young man towards a young woman; and the rank and apparent splendour of the young Duchess, contrasted with her real misery, only rendered pity more intense, and therefore more dangerous. Mr. De Bree had once or twice made some slight advances towards an acquaintance with Donna Leonora, which their neighbourhood warranted. In a place like Naples, where people live as it were in the open air—where the ladies spend a considerable part of their time at their wide balconies, or on their lofty terraces—where, in short, the inhabitants of the same neighbourhood must necessarily be known familiarly to one another,—many little acts of civility, attention, or kindness, necessarily pass among people who see each other every day in their domestic occupations, who witness each other's pastimes, who look and nod at each other, and where, in short, each district forms a sort of community.

Mr. De Bree saw that Donna Leonora was fond of flowers; he was himself an amateur florist, and had some beautiful specimens of exotic plants,

which were displayed on his terrace. He heard one day that the Duchess had often admired some of them. Next day Mr. De Bree sent a pot of the favourite flowers, with his respects to the lady. The Duchess's pet dog, Zingarello, one day escaped from her mistress's apartment and stole out into the street; it would probably have been lost had not Mr. De Bree happened to look out of his balcony: the dog was brought back by him to the palace, and given in charge to the waiting maid Giovannina, who did not fail to expatiate upon the gracefulness and politeness of the young *forestiero*. The truth is, that Giovannina herself, who was then of a certain age, obtained a compliment, *en passant*, from Mr. De Bree, which she treasured up as a thing unusual among those rude bears the Neapolitans, who as she said, "can only admire their own sallow coal-eyed beauties." Giovannina was of a pale brown complexion, and rather *fade*, besides being a maid on the wrong side of thirty.

These, and similar little incidents, had made the Duchess familiar with Mr. De Bree's name and features, and she thought him amiable. With regard to his station in life, the Duchess saw he was a gentleman, and she was besides told by Giovannina most wonderful tales of his being a great man in his own country; "a sort of

prince," she said, "though they have not the same title in those strange lands." The Duchess smiled at the credulity of her domestic. A foreigner at Naples, especially if he came from beyond the Alps, was then considered as a superior being, most of those who came being men of property and education, and what was more, living and dressing in a style of comfort and neatness hardly known except to the very uppermost classes of Neapolitans. Besides which, the kingdom had been so long under foreign domination, had been so often conquered and re-conquered by French, Germans, and Spaniards, that it is not extraordinary that many of the natives should have become impressed with the idea that foreigners must be men superior to themselves, since their country was doomed to be eternally subjected to them. Even now that they were for the first time under a king born among them, they saw themselves ruled by a foreign queen, and a foreign all-powerful minister;—their troops commanded by foreign generals, their King guarded by foreign troops; foreigners caressed by the Court, and employed in preference to natives, —foreign fashions, foreign habits, foreign languages, adopted by their nobility; in short, nothing seemed acceptable but what came from beyond the mountains, or beyond the sea. What

wonder if the name of foreigner had become a title of recommendation, and even veneration, at Naples!—a prejudice more mischievous than the exclusive nationality of some other countries.

Some time previous to Donna Leonora's decided rupture with the Duke, Mr. De Bree disappeared from the neighbourhood of her palace; the Duchess understood that he had suddenly left Naples, and proceeded to another part of Italy, on important business.

After an absence of several months he returned again, went to his old house, and looked at the opposite windows; but Donna Leonora was not there. Day after day he watched, but to no purpose; a sort of dismal confusion seemed to reign in the house; it had that appearance of dissipation without comfort, that association of wealth with gloom, which hover about a mansion of which the mistress has forsaken it, and which has become a prey to rapacious menials. At last De Bree made inquiries, and he soon heard the whole of the circumstances connected with Donna Leonora's disappearance, and he was made acquainted with her present place of retirement.

In passing through Rome, De Bree had received letters and little presents from some gay Monsignore for certain ladies recluse in the convent of Donna Romita. As he attached no very

Mola di Gaeta was the spot appointed by the Commendatore as the second day's halting-place. The situation of the town is remarkable picturesque. Built at the innermost point of a gulf, the waters of which wash the low sandy beach before the houses, strewed with boats, nets, and other implements of fishermen, the town is sheltered from the north winds by sloping hills, covered with the most luxuriant vegetation; the vine, the olive, the fig, the mulberry-tree, vying with each other in adorning the rich land, while further back the rugged mountains of Itri rear their dusky heads, and remind the traveller of the banditti of whom they have long been the haunt. On the right, the fortress of Gaeta, built on a jutting cape, with its gray walls and frowning batteries, and its lofty esplanade and solitary signal tower rising in the midst of it; while, on the opposite side, towards the east, the coast merges into the low unhealthy flats of the Liris or Garigliano, the former site of ancient Minturnæ. The neighbourhood of Mola is renowned in classic lore for its fertility, beauty, and mild temperature. Formiæ stood here, famous for its wines, as well as the neighbouring district, called Falernus ager. Cicero had here a favourite villa, which he called Formianum, and near which that most amiable and most highly gifted among the

choice intellects of ancient Rome met his undeserved death, through the barbarity of Anthony, and the revenge of the despicable Fulvia. To this day, Mola di Gaeta, and its adjacent country, have a remarkably lively and gay appearance; nature is as bountiful as ever, and the people look contented. The beauty of the sex, an almost invariable sign of comfort and happiness, has become proverbial. Their dress is remarkably elegant; it partakes, like that of all the women of this coast, of the elegance and brilliancy of the Greek costume, which seems congenial to the face of the land, and to the beauty of the climate they live in.

Donna Leonora arrived early in the afternoon at Mola de Gaeta. The inn is finely situated on the sea-shore fronting the bay.

In the Italian inns on the road, there was at that time no great etiquette observed, and travellers used to meet at the same board, on the invitation of the host.

The Commendatore ordered dinner to be served immediately, and the inn-keeper told him he had only another traveller, a foreign signore from Naples, who would be happy to dine with them, if his Excellency would allow him this honour.

"Since he is a foreigner, I have no difficulty."

De Bree soon after appeared, and Donna Leonora spoke to him as to a former acquaintance. She introduced him as such to her uncle.

Dinner was served, and De Bree amused the old Commendatore by his repartees, and his strictures upon Neapolitan manners.

Coffee being drank, the uncle gave signs of an irresistible inclination to doze in his chair. At the same time, one of those nondescript beings which abound in Italian towns, and which have usurped the name of the old Roman orator, appeared at the door, and, making his obeisance, asked the lady and gentlemen whether they would not like to go and see the famous convent of Sant Erasmo, which all travellers and *milordi* never fail to visit, and from which there is such a stupendous view of Vesuvius, Ischia, and the Marina.

The Commendatore was fast asleep in his arm chair.

"I should like to go," said Donna Leonora, "but as for my uncle, it is out of the question."

"Would you honour me, Signora, by accepting my escort," said De Bree.

Donna Leonora looked at him for a moment, and then said, "Well, Monsieur, if you have nothing better to do than to go and visit a convent, I shall be glad of your company. I hope,"

said she, laughing, to the Cicerone, "there are no banditti on the road."

"Oh, Eccellenza," said the landlord, who just came in, "it is but a mile distance, just above the town, and your Excellencies may go there with your eyes shut."

"Well," said Donna Leonora, "let us go." She ordered her footman to follow, and having accepted De Bree's arm, they took the road to Sant Erasmo, preceded by their guide.

As they ascended the hill, they saw the landscape before them extend with the sphere of their visual horizon. Towards the west the calm waves of the Mediterranean sparkled with azure and gold, as they reflected the rays of the setting sun, whose disk, slowly emerging from under a canopy of crimson clouds, was just on the point of sinking beneath the waters. Swift sailing-boats, with their cotton sails cut in fanciful shapes, conical, pyramidical, and triangular, which shone like silver, were seen gliding to and fro across the wide Gulf of Gaeta, or coming in from the neighbouring islands of Ponza and Ventotene; while the larger merchant vessels steering further off at sea, appeared in the shadowy background, with their sober-looking square riggings, moving slowly on towards the Straits of Procida. To the left, the distant shape of

Vesuvius appeared, rising as it were higher and higher above the neighbouring hills at every step our wanderers took; and nearer to the south the lofty mountain of Ischia, reflecting the purple rays of the sun, terminated the landscape on that side. The ramparts of Gaeta, crowned with battlements and towers, spread themselves to the right; and just below their feet lay the white houses and terraces of Mola, backed with gardens, in which the vine and orange, the lemon and fig-tree, contrasted their various hues of green. The yellow beach in front of the houses was alive with the bustle of the fishermen, clad in their brown *capotes*, and striped wide trowsers, preparing their fishing apparatus for their night cruize, launching their boats into the water, fastening the oars, spreading the sails, while their urchin boys, half naked, were drawing together the nets and cordages which had been spread to dry during the day.

Donna Leonora and De Bree stopped to look at the splendid landscape. "This is a glorious scene, a beautiful world," said De Bree; "it seems as if every thing conspired to make man happy in this land."

Donna Leonora said nothing, but involuntarily shook her head. De Bree understood her.

"Perhaps you think, Signora, that my dreams

of perfect happiness are belied by those very ramparts and bastions which form no inconsiderable portion of this magnificent *tableau.*"

"They are," said Donna Leonora, "the memorials of the power, and at the same time of the violence of man."

"True, Signora, our ambition and our selfishness counteract the good of Providence, and all our works partake of our corrupt intentions. But could it not be otherwise? Could not man act in perfect sympathy with nature, so as to labour solely for his own happiness and that of his fellow-creatures?" This was said by De Bree in that spirit of Utopian philosophy which was then in vogue among the French sages and of which he had imbibed some portion

"I am afraid not," replied Donna Leonora, with a half suppressed sigh; "we should then be too happy in this world, and our religion tells us that this life is but a pilgrimage, and this world a vale of tears."

"And can you, Signora, you, young, noble, and wealthy, you, born to all the advantages that the world can afford, can you entertain such gloomy prospects?"

"My very life, my present situation, are, I consider, the strongest proofs of the correctness of those prospects."

De Bree perceived that he had incautiously touched a delicate chord, and he wished to give another turn to the conversation. At this moment the full peal of an organ broke upon the stillness of the air. It proceeded from the convent of Sant' Erasmo, close behind them. De Bree looked in that direction. The building had that neatness and simplicity of appearance which is peculiar to Italian churches and monasteries, in the neighbourhood of small towns. It rose just above where they stood, on the slope of the hill, embowered in a plantation of dark olive-trees. A few steps led to a vestibule supported by four Ionic pillars. A small round platform of green [illegible] before it, encircled by a stripe of yellow sand and brecciole. Two or three cypresses rose on one side, and waved their heads like the plumes of a hearse, agitated by the evening breeze. Stillness prevailed all around.

The sounds of the organ ceased, and were succeeded by a full chorus of deep sonorous voices. They were singing the psalm, *Levavi oculos meos in montes unde veniet auxilium mihi*.

"These good fathers," said De Bree, "seem to answer us in the words of the Psalmist. What a contrast between the quiet existence of these men within the recess of those walls, and the bustle, passion, and anxiety which agitate that

world just below us. If peace and happiness could exist on this globe, one might almost expect to find them in the cell of a recluse."

Donna Leonora was struck with these remarks. She had never heard De Bree speak so feelingly on topics connected with the religion of her country before. In his visits to the *parlatojo* at Naples, although he had never indulged in any of those sneers and sarcasms against monastic life which were very common in the mouths of Roman Catholics themselves, he had, whenever the subject happened to be introduced, shewn, although with reserve, his disapprobation of similar institutions.

"And yet," said Donna Leonora, in reply to De Bree's last remarks, "you Protestants are decidedly hostile to a monastic life."

"We do not approve of such institutions in our own communion, but we, at least those among us who have liberal feelings, fully allow that in Catholic countries they are often of great service to the studious, the religiously inclined, to the poor and the broken-hearted. I can easily conceive a man undeceived, or rather disappointed with all the pleasures and pursuits of the world, seeking refuge in the silence of the cloister, and it were cruel to deny him that last satisfaction. But how few"——

"Hush!" said Donna Leonora, playfully, "hush, Monsieur, you were half a convert, and now you are going to relapse."

De Bree smiled. "Let us go in," said he, offering his arm, "perhaps the atmosphere of the church may finish my conversion. I know I have a very powerful advocate for the church of Rome by my side."

"A most feeble and unworthy pleader," said Donna Leonora, "yet one who would willingly exert her poor words to convince you, not of the use or abuse of monastic institutions, but of the eternal truths of our holy Faith."

Donna Leonora said this with a tone of sincere conviction and unaffected zeal, so different from the general reserve of her expressions, that De Bree was visibly affected. He saw that at that moment the woman had given way to the amiable enthusiast, and although his reason stood aloof, yet he felt and confessed to himself the influence of female religion over the heart of man.

They entered the church; a single old man was kneeling before one of the altars, but the voices of the monks chanting vespers were heard proceeding from the choir behind the main altar. A solitary lamp was burning before the sacrament.

Donna Leonora knelt down, and De Bree stood

leaning at some distance in a recess formed by one of the pillars. He saw the Duchess was praying fervently. "Perhaps," he thought, "she prays for me at this moment—for my conversion;" and he was sure of guessing right, for a Catholic woman will seldom forget in her prayers any one for whom she feels an interest, especially if she thinks his soul wants moral assistance from above.

"And yet," thought De Bree, "this same faith, which in gentle hearts like that brings forth fruits of kindness and love, in minds fierce and stern has been the principle, or at least the pretext, of innumerable atrocities!"

At this time the monks were singing that beautiful psalm, *Laudate Dominum de cœlis, laudate eum in excelsis*. This lofty effusion of the sacred poet, this invocation of all the creatures, visible and invisible, known and unknown, of this vast universe to sing the glory of the Almighty Creator of all, inspired De Bree with a feeling of irresistible devotion. He felt the influence of the words and of the sacred atmosphere he was in. He knelt, not before the images of stone and metal which his creed condemned, but before the sovereign Lord whose temple this was, whose praises these men were now singing.

At the end of the psalm Donna Leonora rose to depart; she looked round, and saw De Bree

still kneeling. Her feelings at that moment were of a melancholy yet satisfactory nature. She had felt for some time sentiments for that young foreigner which, although she did not seek closely to scrutinize them, were of a nature to give her uneasiness. She felt now she had some power upon him, and she determined to exert that power to induce him to discontinue an intimacy which she conceived was hopeless, and therefore dangerous to both. At the same time, her heart, perhaps deceiving her, clung still to a hope that she might be the means of bringing him into the bosom of the Church. This is one of the last and strongest delusions of a Roman Catholic female.

Donna Leonora stepped towards a vase of holy water to cross herself. It is a custom of politeness, mixed with gallantry, for gentlemen to offer their service to ladies on this occasion, by dipping their fingers into the water, and then touching the tips of the lady's, who then makes the sign of the cross. De Bree was not ignorant of the custom, and he instinctively observed it on this occasion. Donna Leonora received from his hand the holy water, although after a moment's reflection she felt some scruple at having partaken of it from a heretic.

They went together out of the church. It was

now dusk; hundreds of lights illumined the shores of the Gulf; the sky was cloudy, and the wind from the south-west portended a storm.

"Well," said Donna Leonora, "how did you like the singing of Vespers, the chanting of our churches?"

"It is a music fit to elevate us above earthly things. I felt moved, and I prayed,—I knelt for the first time at the foot of your altars, and in your company. I shall long remember this day!"

"May you remember, it to the lasting benefit of our immortal spirit!" ejaculated Donna Leonora. "But now, Monsieur, after this preparation, I feel myself more at ease to talk to you on a subject which concerns you, and—(she hesitated)—perhaps, me too."

"Is there, then, a subject that concerns us both, Signora?"

"Yes," replied Donna Leonora firmly; "you are aware of my situation, and I need not say any thing now about it. While I was at Donna Romita at Naples, you came to the *parlatojo* as an acquaintance of my relatives, and I was happy to see you; many an hour have I passed there in forgetfulness of my *ennui*, and to your agreeable society I owe it. But now a new existence begins for me; I am going to retire within the circle of my own family, to live with my mother;

and you know the strictness of our habits. To the thoughtless freedom of Naples, succeeds the sober and cautious etiquette of Rome. I must, therefore, deprive myself henceforth of the pleasure of your visits. You have happened to be going to Rome at the same time as myself. Your politeness has made me pass over the reserve I ought to have maintained. Here, at Gaeta, we have met, and I have perhaps been the means of detaining you on your journey. Here, then, we must part. To-morrow I shall be out of this kingdom, and within the precincts of my own country. Let me, therefore, thank you for the polite and kind attention you have shown to one who is a stranger to you, but who will never forget you in her humble prayers. You foreigners (added she) travel faster than we do; you have more activity, more life; we are indolent, and my old uncle the Commendatore cannot journey fast. Poor man, I suppose he is still sleeping soundly in his arm-chair. You must speed on to Rome, and try to get through the Pontine marshes to-morrow before sun-set. We shall probably stop at Terracina."

"I hope Donna Leonora is not offended at my offering my company to-day."

"No, Monsieur, if Donna Leonora had been

displeased, she would have declined it, as she must decline now any further interview."

De Bree did not utter another word. They were now again in the streets of Mola, and soon after they found themselves on the sea-shore before the entrance of the inn.

De Bree accompanied Donna Leonora into the dining-room. The old Commendatore had just awakened from his *siesta:* De Bree exchanged with him a few words on general topics, and then rose to take his leave, wishing them a good journey, and saying he intended to be at Rome the next evening.

"To-morrow!" asked the Commendatore, astonished at the idea of travelling about a hundred miles in one day.

"Yes," said De Bree, "I intend to start soon after midnight."

"And will you cross that dismal mountain of Itri by night?"

"Oh! I am known to the innkeeper, and he has given me to understand there is no danger; innkeepers and postillions are the best judges of those things."

"Well, may you reach in safety San Giovanni's gate!" said Donna Leonora.

"Amen!" re-echoed the Commendatore.

"Adieu, Signor *forestiero*." De Bree bowed and withdrew.

"A man of spirit, that foreigner," said the uncle.

"A man of the world, and an old traveller," replied Donna Leonora.

"How did you happen to know him?" asked the Commendatore.

"Oh! he is an acquaintance of Suor Maria Teresa, and he used to come sometimes to drink chocolate at the monastery."

"Is he a *Christian?*"

"He is a Protestant."

"God and the Holy Virgin have mercy on his soul!" said the old man, crossing himself: "he seems a brave gentleman,—what a pity he is a heretic."

Donna Leonora sighed, and soon after wishing her uncle good-night, withdrew to her apartment.

The following morning De Bree was driving on the road to Rome as fast as Italian postillions, stimulated by the promise of a double buonamano, could drive him. In the evening of that day he was safely landed at his usual hotel on the Piazza di Spagna at Rome. Donna Leonora did not arrive at her mother's palace until the third day after leaving Mola di Gaeta.

Donna Leonora was received by her mother with tender solicitude. The wrong was so evidently on the side of her husband, that maternal pride was awakened at the indignities offered to a darling daughter, the scion of an illustrious family. No thoughts were therefore entertained of a reconciliation, and the mother was resigned to the prospect of having her daughter living with her in quiet happiness. She had written to her agent at Naples to hasten the arrangement of a separate maintenance, that her daughter might be independent. This affair once settled, she no longer felt anxiety about Leonora's future lot.

The old Princess had lately become a widow. She had been an exemplary wife, was an affectionate mother, and an excellent friend. But she had been brought up in the old aristocratic ideas; she had lived to an advanced age without ever having heard them contradicted, nay, even not so much as doubted; she was so wrapped up in the notions of conscious dignity, of the duties that rank imposes upon those who are born to it, that she could perceive nothing very lamentable in a young lady being married against her inclination, in order to maintain the lustre of her family; and then, when hardly twenty, being separated from her husband, and condemned to a state of widowhood, perhaps for the rest of her

life. These were incidents by no means uncommon among females of her class, and persons of rank ought to submit cheerfully to the sacrifices which that rank imposes upon them. This was the *beau ideal* of feudal pride; it was the exaltation of such sentiments which supported so long its *prestige;* when that exaltation subsided, when noblemen thought and felt like common people, they fell from their aërial station, and being cast upon the earth among the crowds of their fellow-creatures, their pretensions were scanned, and found to be reduced to a common standard. No class of men can long enjoy an ascendancy over thinking beings, except by moral superiority; this the old nobility possessed for a long time; this they lost during the last two centuries, and this loss was in France, Italy, and Spain, the cause of the humiliation of their caste. The policy of the various governments, in reducing the influence of the nobility, in curtailing their prerogatives, in diminishing their importance in the state, mainly contributed to the change; and the ministers of absolute sovereigns acted in this unconsciously against the interests of that power which they meant to forward, and prepared the way for the advancement of the popular cause.

The Roman princes, at the epoch we are

speaking of, still retained perhaps more of the dignity and pride of old aristocracy than any other class of the Italian nobility. They considered themselves as the first patricians in Italy, having had each in his family one or more sovereign pontiffs, besides which, several of them, such as the Colonna, the Barberini, the Giustiniani, and others, were descended from sovereign families, who had ruled during the middle ages, and whose names are well known in the history of those times. Several of these families, and among the rest that of Donna Leonora, owed little or nothing to the system of Nepotism. In most of the princely houses of Rome, there were two, if not more, *primogeniture* or titles, with a feudal estate attached to each. Some of these families had intermarried with royal houses; and even in our days one of the sisters of the Ruler of Europe went by the name and title of a Roman prince, which was not considered as disparaging to the imperial and royal dignity of her brother. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, if individuals of this class should have entertained feelings of state and importance all but royal. However the philosopher may smile at such pretensions, they were a necessary consequence of the state of society of the country; indeed, aristocratic feelings of some sort seem natural to man, as it is easy

to perceive in republican countries, where a marked distinction is invariably found among old and new families, although unaccompanied by title. Few, very few, of those who are the loudest declaimers against aristocracy would probably be found to resist the offer of a ducal coronet; and the title of Honourable or Excellency has charms even for the ears of the stern republican.

The pride of rank is the more excusable, when accompanied by a corresponding nobility of conduct, elegance of manners, and proper dignity of sentiments. In these qualities, the Roman princes, with few exceptions, stood higher than the other feudal nobles of southern Italy. Some of the Neapolitan or Sicilian princes of the first class might have exceeded them in revenue, but none in loftiness of state and decorum of manners.

In an elective ecclesiastical government, like that of Rome, the princes were naturally looked up to by the people as the lords of the land; although they had little share in its government, yet having each of them cardinals or influential prelates among their relations, their importance with the theocratic administration of the state was very considerable. And there being no princes of the blood, and no representative house or senate,— for the pageant of one senator was but an empty

title,—it was the nobility of the land, who, in the eyes of the people, stood in the room of those authorities so essential to other monarchies. The Roman princes, therefore, lived in their vast palaces as almost independent lords, surrounded by a numerous retinue of courtiers and dependants: the former, under the name of gentiluomini, were chosen amongst the inferior and poor nobility, the latter were either vassals or domestics. The feudal rights, although considerably reduced by several popes, by the abolition of the *jus sanguinis*, and other prerogatives, were still considerable in point of revenue, and immunities were attached to the respective fiefs. The police had no right to visit those estates in quest of criminals, and the appointments of several municipal and other officers in the little towns belonged to their lords. The agents, stewards, and principal farmers, were added to the crowd of applicants, who came from the province to request audience, and solicit the interests or patronage of the princè. The regular attendants of the palace consisted of an *economo*, or agent, and a *maestro di casa*, or chief steward—the former generally a prelate, or a high professional man, —two or three gentiluomini, who danced attendance in the ante-rooms, and a vast number of male and female servants for the service of

the prince and princess, and their children. Besides these, the old domestics, after a certain length of service, were never discarded, but invalided, and lived in a part of the mansion, or in a detached building, called *Il Palazzo della Famiglia.* The number of people who lived, therefore, in the palace, or at the expense of a Roman prince, sometimes amounted to nearly one hundred individuals of both sexes, who formed what was styled *la Corte*, the Court. The regulations for such a large establishment were decorous and inviolable. There was a sort of domestic police exercised, and the conduct of the female part of the household was strictly watched.

Donna Leonora, although educated in one of these high aristocratic families, had felt the influence of the times; her ideas of the advantages of rank were more moderate than those of her mother. Her residence at Naples had in great measure served to reduce them. In that capital, she saw a numerous class of her equals by name, many of whom were, however, very inferior in self-respect, in becoming dignity, in elegant urbanity, in strict nicety of honour, in short, in all those attributes she had looked upon till then as inseparable from birth, of which she had seen models in her mother's house, and in the circle of her intimate acquaintance. Her mother was

courteous and obliging to her equals, affable without familiarity to her inferiors, charitable without ostentation towards the poor, regular in her habits, and industrious in her household occupations; she was respected and beloved by her servants; scandal had never approached her person; she was religious without bigotry, and if she thought herself as belonging to a privileged order of beings, she always bowed in the dust before the Dispenser of all, who had allotted her a high station, that she might be the means of spreading comfort, giving advice, and contributing to the welfare of the humbler classes. At Naples, Donna Leonora saw very different specimens of high life. Although some of the old families of that capital lived in an exemplary manner, Donna Leonora happened to be cast among a circle where the virtues just mentioned were not conspicuous. Her husband appeared to her any thing but a nobleman. His habits were grovelling, his manners coarse, his address uncouth, his passions uncontrolled, his ideas narrow. He had been an only and a spoiled child, and he naturally associated with those who resembled him. Among the ladies, Donna Leonora found much vanity, love of scandal, indelicacy of language, a masculine boldness, a disposition to open intrigue, a want of self-respect, joined to selfish-

ness, and absurd pretensions. They chose for themselves all the enjoyments of aristocracy, but rejected its duties. The noisy loose dissipation of Neapolitan society was not to the taste of the young bride. The mixture of familiarity, servility, and impertinence in the inferior classes, was revolting to her; while the circle she had been used to at Rome was composed of high dignitaries of the church, men of regular education and steady habits, and of the inferior nobility who repaired to the evening *conversazione* of her mother, and whose tone was that of deference, united to a wish to entertain and support a rational, social intercourse.

Donna Leonora was also fond of reading. The books she had read in her paternal house were such as were then put into the hands of Italian ladies, namely, poetry,—Metastasio, Tasso, and a few more of the Italian classics, besides some books of general history. From the former, she imbibed a taste for romance, a dangerous feeling for young persons moving in her sphere, where reality is far beneath the glowing descriptions of poetry. She sympathized with Erminia, with Mandane, and she shed tears for the fate of Clorinda. At Naples, books of another sort were put into her hands by some of her new acquaintances. They consisted of French works; of those

writers, who, in a light agreeable style, have treated questions of the most vital importance, blending, with some bold but incontrovertible truths, the dross of assumptions and erroneous inferences. The philosophy of the last century had become then in vogue at Naples among young men of the upper classes. This was at first but the result of that mania for every thing new, especially if imported from foreign countries, which had long prevailed in a kingdom ruled by foreigners for ages. French fashions, French tailors, hair-dressers, milliners, dancing-masters, and cooks, prepared the way for French philosophers and economists. *Il cinguettar Francese*, which Alfieri deprecated, had become the necessary qualification of a young gentleman, who, at the same time, perhaps, could not speak correct Italian. Voltaire, Rousseau, Mably, Diderot, were the favourites of Italians, who hardly knew the names of Macchiavelli, Giannone, and Filangieri. The words—natural rights, liberty, popular government, appeared delightful to men who owed all their splendour to the reflected sunshine of a court, and who were indebted to aristocratic distinctions for the means of enjoying that leisure which enabled them to amuse themselves with foreign speculative questions. Men who were heirs to a fortune of a hundred thou-

sand ducats' annual income, who loved to ride on English horses along the marina of Chiaja, and to drink French wines, prated about the blessings of democracy and perfect equality; some of them confessed even that they disliked the present system, because they were obliged, on levee days, to kiss the hands of a king, who, by his habits of hunting and fishing, had rendered that part of his person coarse and callous. Others hated the clergy from motives almost as reasonable. This latter class of persons were more inoffensive at Naples than in most catholic countries: the Government, since the reign of Charles III., had clipped their influence in the state, which had never been very great; some were possessed of considerable revenues, it is true, but they spent their income among their countrymen, and, generally speaking, behaved in an honourable manner. But they were priests and monks; and, because priests and monks in Spain, and, at times, in France, had abused the authority which the weakness of Government had given them, therefore, all priests and monks were detestable. Besides, they were disagreeable; they took snuff, spoke through the nose, wore uncouth dresses with large sleeves, preached, and sung psalms, and all this was insufferable to our young philosophers. It is true they did something else; they taught children gratis, they ad-

ministered comfort to the sick, they gave food to the poor, they studied, and some of them were men distinguished for their science; but all this was sheer hypocrisy; in short, their dress and their tonsure were sins which could not be redeemed.

The ideas of innovation among the younger part of the Neapolitan upper classes, were, at first, merely subjects of juvenile talk. The example of the French, the persecution of a suspicious ministry, and the weakness of the Neapolitan Court, ripened the seed which had been thus carelessly thrown about on a soil naturally susceptible of good as well as bad productions. But we must not anticipate events.

Ladies did not carry their speculations so far as their relatives of the stronger sex. With some of them, the new ideas, as they were called, only stimulated their reflection, and dispelled many of their early-acquired prejudices. Where this happened to a person otherwise well disposed, the effect was beneficial. The high-born lady learnt that there were countries in which birth gave no particular advantage; where the daughter of the merchant, nay, of the tradesman, and of the humble artisan, was considered as entitled to the same rights as that of the senator. This had the effect of checking any disposition to supercilious

pride, or to offensive disregard of the feelings of dependents.

Among those who drew reasonable inferences from the new books put into her hands, was Donna Leonora. She considered her birth as an adventitious circumstance in which she had not any merit; and when she came to reflect on the effects it had had till then upon her destiny, she almost regretted the boon. Had she been born of parents in a humbler station of life, she might have followed the inclinations of her heart, in a question the most important in the life of woman; she might have been a loving and beloved wife, and a happy mother, instead of which she was deprived of both these blessings.

Since her return to Rome. Mr. De Bree had not ventured to call at her palace. Her parting injunctions, and the etiquette of the family, rendered this caution unavoidable; he had, however, met Donna Leonora on the Corso and at the Passeggiata, and had, on those occasions, exchanged a few words with her.

He lingered several months at Rome, he hardly knew wherefore, for in the present situation of Donna Leonora he had not, could not, have any hopes; yet he lingered, from that inexplicable feeling of passionate minds, that makes them grasp at shadows which mock reality. Meantime, he

lived at Rome that delightful life which an idle but intelligent man can so well lead in that singular city. He lounged from museum to museum, from gallery to gallery; he visited the mighty ruins of that empire, the very history of which seems like a fable. He often repaired to those more recent, but equally stupendous structures, which attest the power of opinion, of which Rome was for so many ages the centre. A man of a reflecting mind might meditate all his life time at Rome; the book of human society is there open before him, and he may turn a new leaf every day in his life. There is nothing more interesting than to examine the various levers and springs which have been put in motion to agitate or to restrain, to lift or to depress, the mind of mankind; and to examine them in the very laboratory where they have been employed, and often most successfully, for the course of five-and-twenty centuries. Persons of light judgment may sneer at the now rusty implements, and so perhaps will posterity one day smile at what we think prodigies of science: the true philosopher will believe that whatever has been once capable of exerting a powerful influence over mankind, however that influence may have turned out in the end, is worthy of his research, and of close and impartial investigation.

De Bree, at the same time, amidst the memories

of former Rome, did not forget entirely the attractions of the modern city. At that time, life there was exceedingly pleasant for a foreigner. The then reigning Pope, Braschi, a man of elegant taste and of a liberal mind, gave the tone to the manners of the day. Had he lived in other times, he would have been a second Leo X. He patronised the arts, he encouraged improvements in his states, and, under his pontificate, scholastic controversies, or dogmatic dissertations, were succeeded at Rome by exhibitions of statues and paintings; by plans for the draining of the Pontine marshes, for the amelioration of the harbours of the Papal states; by the raising of obelisks, and the elevation of new and splendid edifices.

Society at Rome was different from that of every other state, or, to speak more properly, Rome contained an epitome of the various forms of society of all the rest of Europe. Every nation had colonies at Rome, of which the ambassador, or a cardinal, was the centre. The greatest freedom of speech prevailed; no one was molested for his religious opinions; the sumptuous ceremonies of the church were frequented by as many heretics as Roman Catholics; and every thing went on orderly and smoothly. De Bree had contracted in his former residence at Rome an acquaintance with several young monsignori, or

prelates, men of family and education, at the same time, men of fashion and of the world. Their society was excessively pleasant. They were generally gay, handsome, and gentlemanly: their pleasantry was joined to urbanity, their wit was exempt from coarseness, their manners were easy and elegant; their information was solid with regard to their country, and although it was superficial concerning foreign matters, still, being unaccompanied by pretension, it was easily tolerated. Their gallantry was refined, and remote from grossness either of speech or action. Many of them were laymen, although dressed in clerical garments; they had only the minor orders, to which no vow is attached; therefore if their manners were at times worldly, their worldliness was not offensive. The *prelatura* was a career open to young men of family, through which they might attain the high dignities, either temporal or spiritual, of the Papal Government.

These young monsignori were pleased with the society of De Bree, a foreigner, who brought into their company an ample store of ultramontane information, which to them was new and interesting. They introduced him to their relatives, and he was thus admitted into some of the best female society immediately below that of the first order of nobility. The latter lived

in haughty and often dull seclusion; their circle consisted of cardinals and of persons of their own rank. The monsignori had also access to it, but their familiar and daily society consisted of the inferior nobility,—the marquises, counts, and cavalieri; the upper ranks of the middling classes, such as advocates, physicians, and men of letters, dignitaries of the monastic order, virtuosi, and artists. They had often vignate, or country parties, when they went to some vigna, or vineyard-farm, in the neighbourhood of Rome, or to some villa, where a collation was prepared for them. Music, improvisate, and discussions on the fine arts, were the chief amusements of the evening. On those subjects, women took a share in the conversation; for many ladies at Rome are artists, and almost every one is a musician or a poet. And in this manner the current of De Bree's time glided softly and imperceptibly on.

Yet when he withdrew within the recesses of his own heart, he could not disguise from himself that he would soon have left Rome and all its attractions, (for a life such as has been described above could not long suit a young man who was thirsting for solid happiness, and who was not satisfied to make of the whole of his existence a fairy dream,) had it not been for a more power-

ful charm, which kept him as it were spell-bound within the eternal walls. This was the vicinity of Donna Leonora, whom he saw but rarely, and but for a few moments; of whom he heard at times, but of whom he thought every hour of the day. He avoided mentioning her name, and as his acquaintance with her had occurred at Naples, and as he had been particularly careful not to intrude since she had been with her mother, the circumstance was either unknown or hardly noticed; besides which, well-educated Italians are extremely discreet on topics connected with female attachments, as they expect a similar discretion to be used towards them.

Reasoning with himself, however, De Brec saw the uselessness of his remaining longer at Rome, and resolved to depart for his native country, which then began to be the theatre of important events, which he thought would assist in obliterating his Italian recollections. He had determined, however, before setting out, to send openly a polite message to Donna Leonora, on the score of former acquaintance, with the usual convenient question, whether she had any commands for her relatives in the north of Italy, as the Duchess's family was allied to many others in several cities of the Peninsula, hoping on

such an occasion she might indulge him with a parting interview. His passports were ready, his trunks made up, and the message to the Duchess already sealed, when the post from Naples brought him from a correspondent tidings which gave rise to fresh hopes, and decided the future destiny of his life.

CHAPTER III.

The Duke, Donna Leonora's husband, had been violently irritated by the emancipation of his young wife from his power, but he soon consoled himself for his disappointment, by resorting to his favourite pastimes, gambling and athletic exercises. Being excessively corpulent, he one day so over-exerted himself, that he was assailed by a high fever, which through his want of temperance, and of docility to the prescriptions of his physicians, increased so rapidly, as to carry him off in a few days. He died alone, forsaken by all his boon companions; he was buried and forgotten. Born to affluence and rank, he had wasted the former, and neglected the latter; his career was a course of wild dissipation, injurious to himself and to others. His wife had suffered most from it, yet she was grieved at the news of his sudden death, and especially at the manner of it. She wished she had seen him once more, that

they might have parted in charity, and exchanged that long and solemn farewell, the duration of which is lost in obscurity and doubt.

But the death of her husband, by releasing her from her bondage, brought new anxieties upon her mind. She was now free, and possessed of sufficient property; she did not, however, feel disposed to remain alone and unprotected in the world; yet she could not think of exposing herself a second time to be the victim of the miscalculations, however well meant, of her friends. She was determined, if she were to marry again, that she should choose for herself. But first of all, her property was to be secured; and no time was to be lost in taking the necessary steps for the purpose. She therefore resolved, after a few weeks, upon setting off again for Naples.

Mr. De Bree had contrived to have information of the young Duchess's intended movements. His plan was made up at once; he determined to follow her to Naples. He did not this time intrude upon the privacy of her journey; he had too much regard for her delicacy: besides, he knew that once at Naples, it would be easier for him to find access to her with propriety. He therefore waited until after her departure, and then set off for Naples.

Suor Maria Teresa, the good nun of Donna Romita, whom he went to see soon after his arrival, afforded him an easy opportunity of paying his respects to the young Duchess. These good nuns, lost as they are to the world and its pleasures, often take a singular interest in its vanities as regard others, and are even charitable enough, or imprudent enough, to facilitate similar venial pursuits. As if, by being themselves secured from temptation, through the means of their massive walls, they had become blind to its dangers, they are sometimes the means of throwing together persons of different sexes, whom prudence would endeavour to keep apart. Suor Maria Teresa had been pleased with De Bree, and had often spoken of him to Donna Leonora, calling him by the name of the handsome foreigner; she now, on seeing him, spoke to him about the Duchess, —told him that she led a melancholy retired life in her widow-weeds, that she looked shockingly pale, which she attributed in a great measure to the vexatious nature of her daily occupations, being tired to death by lawyers or *paglietti*, and hearing nothing but law quotations and phrases, delivered in a barbarous jargon, half Latin and half Neapolitan, of which (she said) the poor dear creature could not understand a word; and that, in

fine, every means ought to be resorted to in order to divert her from her habitual thoughts; and that he, being a stranger and a traveller, acquainted with many curious things, was the very man who ought to go and visit her, in order to cheer her spirits. De Bree replied that he thought it too great a presumption, on so slight an acquaintance, and under the present circumstances of the Duchess.

"Not at all," replied Suor Maria Teresa, "we are not so particular here as you ceremonious foreigners affect to be. Naples is an easy place to live in, in this respect; every one visits whomsoever he likes, and nobody finds fault with it. The Duchess's mourning is a true matter of ceremony; she cannot be very grieved at being released from an unjust slavery. She knows you, you have met her here before, and I am sure she esteems you: your conversation is agreeable, your manners engaging, and you are the very person who can make a diversion in the monotony of her life, which is but too much taken up with those insufferable lawyers, and those more insufferable animals, the relatives of her *dearly beloved* husband,—*requiescat in pace.*"

To this tirade nothing could be replied; at least De Bree fancied its arguments unanswerable.

When our friends' advices are in unison with our secret wishes, they seldom fail of persuading in spite of our reason.

De Bree went to see Donna Leonora, who now lived in her own house, and had her own establishment. He was well received; he talked of her dear Rome, which was a sure way of pleasing the Duchess, and, at last, asked for leave to pay his respects again, and was not refused. Hence, a regular course of inquiries and visits began, which lasted for several months, and, of course, drew closer the bonds of intimacy between them. The freedom of Neapolitan manners facilitated this mode of life. A lady, once married, and especially when once become a widow, was considered as perfectly at liberty to see what company she liked.

The minute details of courtship, and especially successful courtship, have little in themselves fit for a narrative. Valuable, more than the mines of Peru, to those who act a part in them, they are dull and unprofitable for spectators or readers. We shall not, therefore, dwell long upon this part of our story. De Bree loved and was beloved; all is told in these words, and it is impossible to say more with greater effect. To those who understand by experience the true meaning of the above short senetnce, it carries with

it the importance of worlds; to all others, whatever else might be added, would appear cabalistic nonsense. The world in this, as in some other respects, is divided into two classes, the initiated and the uninitiated, or rather the susceptible and the non-susceptible; the latter cannot possibly understand the feelings of the former, no more than a man born blind can understand the appearance of colours.

Since he first crossed the Alps, De Bree had become a passionate admirer of Italian women. He was struck with their beauty, but he was much more forcibly struck by that grace of the mind, that happy mixture of softness and passion, of quickness and simplicity, of playfulness and melancholy, which form the peculiar charm of the daughters of Italy. Resembling children in some respects, especially in what relates to mental endowments, they, in all that is connected with the heart, astonish man by their courage, disinterestedness, and self-devotion. Bountiful nature has done everything for them; education but little. Their passions are allowed to grow in wild luxuriance, but their passions are generally of the softer kind; and no women in the world are more naturally charitable and benevolent than the Italian women. Little inclined to vanity, they are pleased with their conquests for their own sake;

they seldom make a display of their power, except towards the person whom they really wish to captivate, and when once they have him bound in their silken fetters, they little care that others should witness their triumph. With them it is the heart, and not the mind, that must be satisfied. Hence the mystery, the silence, the apparent dulness, which generally attend Italian courtship. A stranger would hardly suppose, in seeing two persons of different sexes, sitting apart in company, seldom uttering a word to one another, hardly looking towards each other, at least apparently,—hardly would a stranger suppose, that those two are the warmest and most passionate of lovers. Although seemingly indifferent, they contrive to be so placed as to be constantly in each other's view during the whole evening, and a glance, a slight motion, supply with them the place of the most expressive words of affection or entreaty, of displeasure or threatening. The same is often to be observed at church, in the theatres, and at the public walks. This manœuvre is common to noble and plebeian, to citizen and peasant. All this may appear dull to a foreigner, but the Italians seem determined to love for themselves, and not for the gratification of vanity. This was more particularly the case before the introduction of French manners; and, although

the habit is certainly congenial to the constitutional temper of the people, it was probably strengthened by the seclusion of the young women, and by the obstacles which the state of society threw in the way of marriage. However that may be, mystery is a great incentive to love. De Bree found it so, and, although he was grieved to see the neglect in which the mental powers of the Italian women were left, although he smiled at their prejudices and superstitions, the next time he fell in with them, that he heard the soft music of their voices, that he saw the beaming of their dark and long-fringed eyes, he abjured his former judgment, and confessed that nature is sufficient in that favoured land for the happiness of man, even if unassisted by education. "Our boasted education," he would say, "renders our women vain, coquettish, artificial; here I find *abandon*, natural taste, and warm affection, which are by far preferable."

When, at last, De Bree met with Donna Leonora, he found in her a fair specimen of a well-educated (at least, according to the then ideas of the country) Italian young lady, and he felt for her a respect and esteem which no other of her countrywomen had yet obtained from him. Donna Leonora had fixed moral principles, and sincere but benevolent religious tenets: she had a

general knowledge of the system of society, and of the rights and duties of its members. A natural good sense, quickness of understanding, and a good memory, made up for the want of encyclopedic information.

The young Duchess was peculiarly susceptible of the beauties of nature, of which De Bree was also a warm admirer. Many an evening they stood contemplating from her terrace the enchanted scenery of the bay; the fairy lights glittering through innumerable casements all round the shore, reflected in the calm waters; the line of the extensive horizon, intersected by the irregular curve of the mountains of Castellamare and Sorrento, forming a mass of shade in the distance; the rugged rocks of Caprea, detaching themselves, in a bold outline, from the back ground of pale yellow, which marked the west and southern quarters of the sky; while to the east the pyramidical form of Vesuvius stood like a Colossus, insulated, and capped with its perpetual cloud of smoke.

" This is a land of enchantment;" exclaimed De Bree, " it realizes almost all the glowing visions of my youth!"

" *Almost*, you have said;" observed Donna Leonora, " have you then dreamed of aught more delightful?"

"In my early visions of lovely nature, often have I dreamed of a fairy form standing by me, like an angel of hope, to accompany and guide my uncertain steps. The idea of such a being is to me inseparable from that of nature's loveliness."

"And have you never found that part of your vision realized, too, in all your travels?" replied Donna Leonora, archly.

"The first time I fancied it realized was on the hill of Sant Erasmo, near Mola di Gaeta."

The Duchess averted her face; she had heard enough for that evening. She complained of the chill air of the night, and De Bree took his leave.

Conversations of a similar nature led by degrees to an explanation between the two lovers. De Bree expressed his sentiments candidly, although respectfully: Donna Leonora was not a prude, she did not conceal her feelings for De Bree.

But now fresh difficulties and obstacles presented themselves to Donna Leonora's view. Was she to set herself above opinion; was she to marry a private individual, and that individual a Protestant, a heretic? The latter to her was by far the more serious obstacle of the two.

Donna Leonora was a sincere Roman Catholic, though by no means a bigot. In every sect there

are hypocrites, unbelievers, or sceptics, reasonable and sincere believers, and enthusiasts or fanatics. Donna Leonora believed her religion to be what its church proclaims it, the only true one; but yet she entertained her doubts about the eternal condemnation of those who are not brought up, and do not die within its pale. She felt no aversion towards heretics, and her mind, terrified at the idea of eternal suffering, rested with complacency on the charitable medium which many of the best Catholics have adopted, and which is countenanced by the doctrine of some of their theologians, that it is to be hoped the All-merciful will grant to those who, born out of the bosom of Catholicism, have yet lived conformably to the natural precepts of justice which God has implanted in our hearts, and have moreover observed those right principles of morality which are to be found in every creed, and especially in every Christian sect,—that the All-merciful will, at least in the hour of their death, shed upon them a ray of truth, that they may, before they breathe their last, acknowledge the true church, and expire in its blessed communion. Thus, like thousands of her brethren, Donna Leonora reconciled the severity of her belief with the mildness of her heart, and, having found this open door, she did not stop to look

around her, lest new doubts should startle her and disturb her peace, but bowed in submission and confidence to the inscrutable decrees of Providence.

But, however charitable the young widow's belief, she did not conceal from herself that many of her friends, and some of the most revered among them, did not see things in the same light; that they would consider her own interpretation as a dangerous laxity, almost bordering upon heresy; and that to them the very idea of her marrying an heretic would appear unbearable. She also knew that family pride was carried to a considerable extent among her own relatives, and that the rules of the kingdom of which she had become a subject by her first marriage made it requisite for ladies of rank to obtain the Sovereign's permission in case of a second wedlock. This at that time seemed impossible in her case, although afterwards there have been instances of such permission granted under similar circumstances. As for the ecclesiastical license which the Pope grants at times for a marriage between a Protestant and a Catholic woman, there was not sufficient cogency of reason to entitle her to that indulgence; besides which, the connexion of her relatives with the then reigning Pontiff, and the influence of their rank, would

alone defeat any endeavours to obtain this favour from His Holiness.

These perplexities agitated the mind of Donna Leonora for some time. De Bree, who now visited at her house as an encouraged lover, easily perceived her uneasiness, and endeavoured to dispel it. After long consultations, it was agreed that a secret marriage before ministers of both churches, to satisfy the consciences of both parties, should be resorted to, reserving to a better opportunity the task of making it known to the world. A Protestant clergyman was found, who, after having ascertained the independent situation of the parties, performed the ceremony before proper witnesses; after which, on the same day, a Catholic priest pronounced the blessing over them in the Duchess's private chapel, according to the rites of his church. Donna Leonora's scruples were thereby quieted, and she lived with her husband, happy in his domestic society, although in public she still appeared in the quality and under the title of a widow. Arrangements of this sort are very easy at Naples, especially as Donna Leonora lived out of town, and frequented very few assemblies. The Neapolitans trouble themselves little about the internal affairs of their neighbours; besides which, in a city where so many intrigues are carried on,

and mostly with very little secrecy, scandal has lost much of its point, and has too extensive a range within its grasp, to attach itself long to one family.

Donna Leonora's affairs at Naples were now settled, and she was pressed by her mother to return to Rome. She would have deferred her return to her native city, in order to enjoy longer her husband's company, of which she knew that, in her paternal house, she would be almost entirely deprived; but Mr. De Bree himself was now obliged to leave her for awhile. The affairs of France, about that time, had assumed so serious a character, and the Revolution had endangered so many interests, that Mr. De Bree was urged by his friends at home to hasten back, in order that he might see things with his own eyes, and determine upon what course to pursue, in order to secure whatever property he had. He therefore thought it was now meet to part for a short time, agreeing with Donna Leonora, that after she had spent some months with her mother, she would find some plausible reason, of health or otherwise, to state her determination to come again, and fix her residence at Naples, where De Bree would join her, having previously settled his affairs in his own country; and then they would live together in some of the

delightful residences with which the neighbourhood of Naples abounds, there to enjoy each other's company in happy seclusion, far from the storms of the world, from which they thought themselves secure in that extreme region of the Italian peninsula. Dreams of halcyon days, which, like all such dreams, were never to be fully realized!

De Bree set off for France, and Donna Leonora soon after returned to Rome. She found her mother's health declining, and she confined herself at home to keep her parent company. In this her retirement, she felt the irksomeness of her situation, deprived of the society of her husband, and prevented even from speaking of him to any one. But a new care came to engross all her faculties: she now became aware that her marriage, however contracted under ominous circumstances, had been blessed, and that a third being would soon add to her joys and her anxieties. She immediately wrote to apprize De Bree of the circumstance, and for fear of accidents, and as she had much to communicate, she intrusted her correspondence to a trusty messenger, her maid's brother, who set off forthwith for the French capital, where De Bree then was.

De Bree, in repairing to his native country after several years' absence spent under far dif-

ferent climes, and in pursuits totally remote from politics, could hardly believe his senses for what he now saw and heard. He knew not his countrymen again: one trait of their character still, however, predominated,—their vanity and their love of dramatic situation: hence their liberty, equality, republic, were all *êtres de raison*, personified into so many dramatis personæ. Reforms were made in an ostentatious, unbending spirit. They wanted to change the known weights and measures, and they measured the earth, and took out a fraction, in order to weigh a sack of flour, or to measure a yard of cloth. They erased the names of the Calendar, and resorted to the Greek and Roman histories for substitutes. They burnt all the archives of the nobility. Every thing was carried to extremes. They lost sight of the point from which they started; they even lost sight of the objects to which they tended, in order to follow their respective leaders. Many of these laughed in their sleeves at their dupes, but they soon found to their cost that their dupes were fond of change, even in quacks. People quarrelled about words, rather than about facts, because it was in words alone that they could embody the wild schemes they had proposed to themselves. They had begun by establishing an equality of right, an equality before the law, and there they ought to

have stopped; they wished next to establish an equality *de facto*, to change the immutable laws of property, to force the private opinion of individuals, and then confusion and anarchy followed.

De Bree was at Paris at the epoch of the 10th of August: he heard the firing and the shouts; he ventured out towards the scene of action, and he met people bearing in triumph the ghastly heads of the unfortunate Swiss thrust on pikes, and was obliged to answer to the cry of *Vive la Liberté!* He never afterwards pronounced those words without shuddering. Sick at heart of the turn the Revolution had now taken, and foreseeing its further dismal consequences, he thought of nothing but of setting off for Italy, and leaving his country for ever. It was at that moment that Giovanni, Donna Leonora's messenger, arrived. The sight of that trusty servant, and his well-known Italian countenance, made him forget the French and their frenzy; he asked after his wife with some trepidation, but hearing she was well, and opening the letters, he shed tears of joy. How little hold political affairs have on the heart of man, when contrasted with his domestic affections! France, its errors, its misery, and its guilt, were in a moment out of De Bree's view; he only saw his beloved Italian wife, a recluse within the sober

atmosphere of her Roman mansion; and he only panted after the time when he could sit with her and the dear pledge she promised him, under the festooned vines, and among the orange-trees, on the gay hills which overlook the Bay of Naples.

But it was not an easy matter to get out of France, especially for a native, and it was not until after several months that De Bree succeeded in leaving his country. Meantime, he witnessed the increasing horrors of that epoch: on the second of September, he saw the butchers drunk with the fumes of human blood, shed at the Abbaye, la Force, and the Carmes,—of the blood of aged men, of priests, and of women; and he began then almost to abhor his country.

Returning home, he entered the house of some friends, and there he found a party of ladies and gentlemen sitting quietly at table, and sipping their dessert wine. De Bree looked as if thunderstruck: his countenance was pale and haggard. The company asked him whether he were ill. "Ill?" replied he, "I am astonished that any one can be well, in this infernal city! Do you know that a few hundred yards from hence they are butchering men by the hundred? that venerable priests, that noble ladies, that fathers of families, are falling at this moment under the axes and the pikes of the cannibals? And you are here, enjoying your-

selves! You do not think that your turn,—our turn, I mean, may come to-morrow."

"Now be calm, De Bree," said an old gentleman, the head of the party: "above all, do not let any one hear you: what happens is merely the excess inseparable from revolutions; people are not, cannot be, over-scrupulous in these times."

"As you please, gentlemen, I see that you and I do not understand each other any longer; this foul atmosphere has affected our intellects. Now here we part for ever; may you escape the storm that is brooding over this ill-fated country: as for me, if God grants me grace to escape out of this menagerie of wild beasts, I shall take care to keep myself in future out of the way of all revolutions: I will shun the pretended regenerators of mankind as I would tigers and hyenas. Adieu for ever."

From that moment, all De Bree's thoughts were turned to the south; all his efforts were to endeavour to escape out of the French territory. He left his affairs half-settled in the care of a friend. In those days of blood the barriers of Paris were closed: De Bree put on some old clothes of his own servant, which he took great pains to tear and pierce in several places, for a man was in danger if he appeared dressed like a gentleman; the ragged populace were jealous of seeing any one

better dressed than themselves. He attempted to pass the barriers, but in vain; at last, after several attempts, he got out, and sought refuge at the house of an old acquaintance in the country. From thence, after much trouble, he passed into Switzerland. Once upon safe ground, an illness, brought on by fatigue and anxiety, assailed him; an illness from the effects of which he never afterwards recovered; and it was not until next year that he was enabled to cross the Alps.

Meantime, Donna Leonora had been advancing in her pregnancy, and, being obliged to conceal her state, she had lived the life of a recluse. She dined generally with her mother, and often was obliged to resort to excuses which her heart disdained, in order not to betray her secret. Her looks alarmed the old lady, although weak-sighted; and she insisted upon having a physician called. The man, fortunately, was not very scrutinizing, gave a name to the young Duchess's illness, prescribed some medicines, which she took care not to swallow, and her mother applauded herself on the improvement of her looks. In the latter stage of her pregnancy, Donna Leonora confined herself entirely to her own apartments, which were in a separate wing of the extensive mansion. Her mother, and some-

times her brother, came through the private staircase to pay her a visit; and she managed to be so wrapped up for fear of cold, as it happened to be in winter, that no external sign told of her real situation. Giovannina, the confidential female servant, alone knew the secret, and never left her mistress for a moment. At last the time of her confinement drew near, and she felt the symptoms of approaching delivery. It was in the evening; her mother had paid her daily visit, and had been particularly kind in her inquiries, and bestowed her blessings on her darling daughter with redoubled fervour. Donna Leonora was affected, tears stood in her eyes, her heart was on her lips; but too much was at stake, and she remained silent. The outer door of her apartments was secured, and her faithful Giovannina having warned her brother, who had returned from Paris, to be watching all night ready at a moment's warning, stood by her mistress in the most intense anxiety. In the midst of the night, Donna Leonora was safely delivered of a boy, and thus, without assistance, this young woman, brought up in affluence and delicacy, went alone through the hardest trial to which a female is subject.

The child could not remain in the house: the mother bestowed upon it a few hasty caresses, Giovannina soon snatched it away, and having

wrapped it up carefully, delivered it to her brother through a private postern door, of which she had procured the key. A nurse was ready at her brother's house to take the child, and next day, the nurse, with her infant charge, set off for Albano, her native place.

Some time after, Mr. De Bree arrived at Rome. Delighted to find himself again in a peaceful country, far from the storms which at that moment agitated his native land, he felt like the shipwrecked traveller, who, thrown upon an hospitable shore, thanks Providence for having granted him a footing on dry land again. He contrived soon to have an interview with Donna Leonora, who had now become doubly dear to him; they talked of dangers past, and formed delightful plans for the future. It was agreed that she was to remain a few months longer with her mother, and then set off for Naples, where she would fix her residence. He should precede her thither, and, on her arrival, they would settle in the neighbourhood of that capital, far from the bustle of the world, contenting themselves with the society of a few friends who were acquainted with their marriage, and let the rest lose sight of them; a thing which is easily accomplished in a great dissipated city, and amidst a population chiefly engrossed with the pleasures of the mo-

ment. They would live for themselves and for their child. That child, however, was to remain some years at Rome, in care of some trusty person, and Susan Santini, sister-in-law of Donna Leonora's confidante, was proposed. She was a sober, discreet widow, who lived in a retired part of Rome; she had a decent home, and she would be glad to make her existence easier, by attending to the nursing of the boy, for which she would be amply remunerated.

De Bree accordingly called upon Susan, was pleased with her, and the arrangements were agreed upon. He next went with her to Albano, and found his child in a lowly cottage, in the arms of a little peasant-girl about five years of age, who on seeing a strange Signore caress the child, left it in his arms and ran after her mother, who was spreading some linen in a neighbouring field. When the nurse came in, she began crying and lamenting, in a hardly intelligible jargon, that the child should be taken away from her. It was not easy to pacify her; which was only effected at last by De Bree putting the child again in her sun-burnt arms, and telling her repeatedly that she should not be deprived of her charge for the present, but that she must be more attentive to its comforts, for between her household drudgery and the care of her other children, of

which a bevy flocked in to gape at the strange gentleman from Rome, little Anselmo, though sufficiently nourished, appeared to have been neglected in other respects. To enforce his recommendations, De Bree put a sequin into her hand; the sight of a golden piece, a rare occurrence to her, made the poor nurse cry out again from joy and gratitude, and in return she launched forth in effusions of praise of the dear little *figliuolo*, who was, she said, a *santarello*, never cried, and gave her no sort of trouble: he looked so good-tempered! and then, looking up at De Bree, his eyes, she said, are like the Signore's; one would almost think he were his son.

She would have gone on talking for ever, had he not stopped her by telling her that in the course of a short time that person, pointing to Susan, would call again to look after the babe; and then kissing little Anselmo's forehead, De Bree left the cottage.

Meantime the season of the villeggiatura approached, and Donna Leonora's mother, who had a villa at Albano, and another at Frescati, chose the former, at the insinuation of her daughter, "The air was purer, they could live more retired at Albano than at Frescati, which was always full of the nobility and gentry of the capital, and where the whole fashion of the Corso seemed to

transport itself. One might just as well remain at Rome as be pestered with continual visits, and callings, and conversazioni."

Donna Leonora wished to rusticate a little this season; she was going to leave Rome, perhaps for years, and she wished to spend the delightful month of October in the quiet solitude of her villa at Albano, in the groves of which she was ten times more at her ease than in the sumptuous halls, the gravelled walks, and stately avenues, of their princely residence at Frescati, to which, however, Donna Leonora had been formerly remarkably partial.

"And yet," observed the old Princess, casting a scrutinizing look at her daughter, "you who are so fond of retirement wish to return to that noisy, bustling, fatiguing Naples,—that land of confusion, where you are stunned with words without meaning, teased with ceremony without dignity, and ruined by luxury without taste. One would think that our quiet, sober Rome ought to suit your inclinations better."

"My dear mother," replied Leonora, rather affected by the remark, "you know it is not merely taste that induces me to go back to Naples, but considerations of health and the necessity of attending to my affairs, which, in the hands of those tiresome lawyers"——

This was a point on which the old Princess felt very sore; she had had some experience of Neapolitan lawyers, and Neapolitan courts of justice, and she could never speak patiently of either.

"As for those paglietti,—God forgive me,—but I really think they are the greatest plagues of that country; they devour it like the locusts did Egypt. Well, daughter, (said she) since you must go, go, and my blessings will accompany you. But, (and she looked at the eyes of her daughter glistening with tears) be on your guard against your own heart; I am more fearful of that than even of the Neapolitan paglietti, and there are few men at Naples whom I would trust with the happiness of my daughter."

"My dear mother, the first specimen I have had of Neapolitan husbands has not been so satisfactory as to tempt me to a second."

This was said without meaning to cast any reflection on her parents, but, however, it reached the heart of the mother, and it had the effect of effectually stopping the conversation. The old Princess looked grave, resumed her stateliness of manner, which she had thrown aside for a while, and never more did she utter a syllable of comment upon Donna Leonora's future plans of life.

A few days after, both mother and daughter

set off for Albano. De Bree, who could with difficulty obtain another interview with his wife, while still at Rome, could have even less hopes of a similar indulgence in a small place like Albano, where every strange countenance is soon remarked, and excites suspicion. He therefore set off for Naples, there to wait the arrival of Donna Leonora.

The ladies being once at Albano, it was so contrived by Giovannina, that the nurse and her charge should be in the way of Donna Leonora, as the latter was rambling out. Donna Leonora, notwithstanding all her self-command, snatched up the child, and covered it with caresses. Giovannina observed to the nurse, that the young Duchess was exceedingly fond of children, and that her child, meaning Anselmo, was a fine one, and that her Eccellenza would perhaps like to see it at the palazzo. The hint was taken by Donna Leonora, who said, "Yes, good woman, come to-morrow, and bring the child with you."

From that day, during all the time of the villeggiatura, the nurse and little Anselmo were every day at the villa. The old Princess, Donna Leonora's mother, saw the babe in the apartments of the latter, and good-naturedly caressed the child. This was a trying moment for the young Duchess. She often regretted afterwards that she had not, as she was more than once on

the very point of doing, thrown herself at her mother's feet, confessed her marriage, and begged her forgiveness and blessing. She would probably have succeeded with her kind parent, whose very precarious state of health, and enfeebled energies of mind, rendered her more disposed to mild counsels; and who, at the approach of death, which she felt was not distant, began to see the things of this world in a different light from that which education and long habit had till then reflected on them. But Donna Leonora feared, and with some foundation, the offended self-love of her brother, and of her other relatives; and she was silent. She, however, felt a satisfaction, mixed with sadness, when she saw her infant son in the arms of her aged mother; she fancied that on a future day, the mild spirit of the latter would, from her place of blissful rest, bestow a parental blessing on her grandson, whom she now unconsciously pressed within her tremulous arms. At these thoughts Donna Leonora shed tears, which she could with difficulty conceal from the Princess. One of the most severe trials for a mother is that of being forced to disguise the feelings of nature in the presence of a beloved parent. Donna Leonora envied the peasant-woman, who could embrace her children before the eyes of the world; she thought that a blessing above all

others: but in ascribing to the obtuse peasant the acute sentiments of a refined mind, she fell into the common mistake of judging of the happiness of others from her own feelings and experience.

The day of All Souls came, and the villeggiatura terminated. On returning to her palace at Rome, Donna Leonora began her preparations for her final departure. She now gazed with fond remembrance on the well-known objects which had surrounded her from her infancy; on those walls, and tapestry, and paintings, on the lofty poplar trees which waved their green heads before the casement of her favourite *boudoir*, and which had also witnessed her childish amusements and infantine griefs; and, as she gazed at them, she felt a presentiment, that she was looking at them for the last time, as if she were not destined to enter the gates of her paternal mansion again. But she gazed oftener, and with much more earnestness, on the wan cheeks and the pale forehead of her mother, and on her sunken eyes; and when the last hour of separation came, she remained in a state of the lowest depression, locked up in the feeble arms of her afflicted parent, until she was roused by her attendants, who carried rather than led her to the carriage below. "May Heaven bless thee, my child," said the

mother, placing her hands on her forehead, "and may thy trust in Heaven never fail, whatever be thy trials in life." These were the last words Donna Leonora heard at Rome. She sunk back in her carriage in a sort of stupor, and when she came again to herself, she was on the road to Naples, enveloped by the morning mists which covered the plains of the Campagna.

Her journey was uninterrupted by any accident, and, on the third day, she found herself again within the atmosphere of Naples, and in the presence of her beloved husband.

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CHAPTER IV.

Mr. De Bree found Naples still the gay luxurious city he had known it on his first visit, yet he thought he perceived an alteration in the manners of the people. There was not the same jovial look, the same naturalness, or what is so well expressed in French by the word *abandon*—no longer that open-heartedness and easy security which used to brighten the countenances of the good-natured citizens of Naples; that security which sprang from confidence in the stability of the mild temperate system of government which had been established by Charles of Spain, but which had been gradually swerved from by the Queen and her favourite minister.

At the same time the stimulus given by the French Revolution was communicating itself rapidly to all the European nations. The principle of proselytism, a peculiar feature of modern republicanism, a dangerous principle in politics as well

as in religion, had alarmed all the European Governments, not only monarchical, but even republican of the old school. It were worse than idle here to attempt to state who was the first to be in the wrong; many wrongs there were on all sides, and causes and effects succeeded each other so rapidly that it would puzzle any logician to analyze their respective bearings on each other.

The court of Naples had early shown its hostility to the principles of the French assemblies, still without any open declaration of war; but it was known that the Queen in her journey through Upper Italy, on the occasion of the marriage of her two daughters to the sons of the Emperor Leopold, had exerted her influence, which was considerable, to organize the first league of the sovereigns against France. At the same time it was said that French emissaries sent by the revolutionary clubs of Paris, had penetrated even to Naples, and were endeavouring to bring into action those principles of dissatisfaction with the existing order of things, which, as we have already observed, the young men of the upper classes had largely imbibed from the French literature of the time. But "*dal detto al fatto vi è un gran tratto,*" as the Italian saying is, and, although these young men were fond of talking, they probably never yet dreamt of effecting any

thing, until they were irritated, and, at the same time, raised into importance, by persecution. Yet courtiers contrived to persuade the Queen that a great proportion of the better classes were revolutionists, and the Queen, unfortunately for all, believed it.

At last the French admiral Latouche appeared with his fleet before Naples; and, in an authoritative manner, and under the threat of bombarding the capital in case of refusal, demanded of the King of Naples, to sign, within a few hours, certain conditions imposed by his Government, and to bind himself to a system of neutrality towards France.

The court of Naples, weak, and fearing the supposed revolutionists at home, acceded to a treaty, which, like all forced treaties, could only last as long as the fear which had dictated it. In reading the history of those times, one hesitates which to blame most, the perfidy, as it was called, of the Italian Governments, or the Machiavelism of the republicans, in forcing upon their antagonists such conditions as it was in the nature of things that they could not, would not keep. The republicans probably had one object in view, to excite contempt towards their natural enemies; but, at last the contempt recoiled upon themselves, as they became parties to the perfidy.

It was, in short, the surest mode of producing general demoralization, and this effect it certainly obtained.

While Latouche was in the bay, he was courted by a knot of foreign democrats, or at least of men who fancied themselves such, men who had enjoyed the hospitality of the country, and the protection of the Government which they were now insulting by their silly declamations, by their badges and toasts; men, some of whom had been favoured by that very Government in preference to the natives themselves; men, in short, who had reaped all the advantages of an absolute Government, without sustaining any of its vexations, and who, like most protégés too highly and imprudently favoured, ended by turning against their benefactors. These men, confident in the protection of the French ambassador, encouraged the Neapolitan patriots, by giving them the convenience of assembling in their houses, by disseminating among them revolutionary pamphlets and papers, by communicating to them the exaggerated news from France, by giving them sumptuous dinners, and warming their republicanism by repeated bumpers of Champagne and Burgundy, and by revolutionary toasts and songs; thus exciting those ardent and misguided young men to a course which must

prove fatal to them, and which led them at last to the scaffold.

Among those foreigners who made themselves conspicuous at the time, was a cousin of De Bree, who had been some years settled at Naples, carrying on an extensive and successful mercantile business. This man, naturally weak in his intellects, and accustomed to the flatteries of his clerks, obscure young men, who lived in luxury and dissipation, under an easy, indolent, and careless principal, whose ridiculous whims and absurd pretensions they found their interest to indulge; this man, whose name was Reinier De Bree, had taken into his head that he was destined to be a reformer of a country to which he was a stranger, and of which he hardly understood the language. He had adopted for his dress, a sort of uniform, consisting of a blue military cut coat, with a red collar and white waistcoat; thus uniting, as he thought ingeniously, the three colours of the republican flag. In this manner, he paraded through the streets of Naples, while the Government of that country became every day more exasperated against the very name of France. However, as he had been long known at Naples by all classes of people as a man naturally harmless, although silly and imprudent, the police shut their eyes, and his more reasonable

friends only laughed at his eccentricities. When, however, Admiral Latouche came to Naples, and had entered into negotiations with the Neapolitan Government, Mr. Reinier De Bree, persuaded by some enthusiasts, bethought himself of an act of eclât, by which he would acquire immortal honour, and secure himself for ever the powerful patronage of France. He had the imprudence to ask several of the principal officers of Latouche's squadron, the very men who had bearded the Sovereign of the country in the midst of his capital and in his very palace, to a great dinner, at his residence, situated in the street of Toledo, the most frequented part of Naples. The French naval officers accepted the invitation, and came in state to the place of rendezvous, in the most crowded time of the afternoon walk. What rendered the thing still more offensive to the Neapolitans of the old school, and especially to the lower classes, was, that this happened to be during the passion week, a time set apart for penance, fasting, and religious exercises. The dinner was sumptuous, and, of course, *gras*, which, by the ostentatious way in which the provisions were bought in the market, was a scandal to strict catholics. A select party of patriots, foreign and native, were invited to meet the French officers; the libations were copious, songs and music were introduced

during the dessert, French national toasts were given, and the evening concluded by a dance, in which the wives and sisters of several of the native guests were partners to the officers.

When it is considered at what epoch, in what country, at what time of the year, and among what people, this display was made, it is hardly credible that such a thing could have been executed without causing a riot, and endangering the lives of the party. Such, however, was the case: the dinner and the ball went on, the house was flaming with lights, the balconies open, and all this in the view of the immense crowd, which presses, in ever-flowing currents, through the street of Toledo. Numbers of people, attracted by the novelty of the scene, and by the music within, crowded before the entrance of the house; the Lazzaroni began to grumble and look darker than usual, yet every thing remained quiet: the police was determined not to give the slightest pretence to the French to stir up a new quarrel. Late in the evening, the King was returning from Portici to his palace in town. His way lay before Mr. De Bree's house. The crowd obstructed the passage, and the King's carriage was detained a few moments. Seeing this, King Ferdinand leaned his head out of the window, and, addressing himself to the nearest

man, asked him, in his familiar language, "*Né, che c'é?*" "Please your Majesty, it is the foreign merchant De Bree, that gives a ball to the officers of the French fleet." "*Né chisso è,*" said the King, looking grave, as he threw himself back in his carriage, which at that moment drove off.

The evening terminated quietly: two days after the French fleet sailed; and the day succeeding its departure, a royal *rescritto*, or order, was issued, banishing the elder De Bree from His Majesty's dominions; enjoining him to quit the capital within twenty-four hours. Another order at the same time was issued by the minister of justice, stating, that this should not be construed as having any reference to the other members of the same family, of which there had been several living at Naples of late, who had always conducted themselves as peaceful subjects and honourable men.

No one was surprised at the order; and the consequence was, that Mr. Reinier De Bree was obliged to quit Naples alone and unpitied, leaving his affairs, which were in great confusion, in the hands of agents; by which means his property was dilapidated, and all his prospects in the world thenceforth ruined.

The younger De Bree soon heard the news of his cousin's exploits, and he also learnt at the

same time, the discrimination made by a Government, which was often accused of being indiscriminately oppressive. Therefore, when he returned to Naples a year after this event, he lived in the greatest security, and was never molested in the smallest degree. But every thing round him meantime looked threatening. Combustible materials were scattered in every direction, and De Bree's forebodings as to the result were ominous. He mixed as little as he could in society, yet he could not entirely avoid some of his cousin's old friends, who were in *cattivo odore* with the Government.

Many of those individuals at Naples who were dissatisfied with their rulers, were so upon partial, or even personal, grounds. Few had enlarged notions of political economy, and of the principles of the social system; and how could they, in a country where for ages past the natives had had no share in the administration of the government, where generation after generation had vegetated under the delegated authority of viceroys sent from a distant court? Among them, however, were some men of real information, well-meaning men, who were offended at the old abuses, and at those introduced by the Queen's party; but they, in their theories of improvement, did not estimate sufficiently the risks attending any

great change in the present state of the nation, and the opposition to be expected from a great proportion of the people, from the population in the provinces attached to old forms and customs, and who were not so sensibly affected by the malversations of the Government as the inhabitants of the capital.

The errors of the court, or to speak more properly, of the administration, were, on their side, very grave. The heads of Government saw the crisis which threatened Europe, and instead of conciliating the love of their subjects, instead of husbanding their resources and their strength for the hour of danger, they continued in a course of prodigality, dissipation, and profligacy: irritated where they ought to have conciliated, they gave importance to trifles; they were merciless where they ought to have been indulgent, and weak where they ought to have shown themselves determined. A tribunal was established, under the name of the Supreme Giunta of State, which imprisoned and examined a great number of persons, chiefly young men, who had committed themselves by imprudent expressions, and had shown their approbation of the changes that had occurred in France. They were accused of a conspiracy to upset the King's Government; but this charge seems to have never been fully established, yet several of them were sent to the scaffold.

From that moment, suspicion was spread among the different classes; the capital swarmed with informers, and social peace was destroyed. Before that, there were no real revolutionists, except in words—none at least that from their state, age, and influence in society, were in any way dangerous; the suspicions and the asperity of Government created a host of malcontents, who afterwards became real conspirators.

It was at this epoch that De Bree, who had once been building enchanted castles of a life of undisturbed tranquillity, and happy seclusion, in the remote land of Naples, had to welcome his consort on her arrival from Rome. He carefully avoided disturbing her mind with his newly-awakened fears for the future. Donna Leonora had no taste for political disquisitions, and if she at times saw her husband look thoughtful and grave, such as he was not wont to be formerly, she attributed it to what he had suffered in France; and true it is, that having once been witness to a revolution, it is impossible afterwards for a man of any feelings to divest himself of that gloom which the full view of the dark side of human nature, and of human passions laid bare, during the great convulsions of society, is apt to leave on his mind. It is tasting the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge—the knowledge of human

weakness and human depravity; a knowledge which once attained, cannot be forgotten again, and which preys upon our memory like a fearful vision of things unutterable.

Yet De Bree and his wife lived happily in their domestic circle. De Bree had a house in town, where he repaired almost every morning to meet his acquaintances on business, and then, in the afternoon, he returned to Donna Leonora's residence, which was situated on the beautiful hill of Capodimonte. There they enjoyed all the advantages of a country residence, still within reach of the town. Donna Leonora thereby dispensed with the formalities of visiting; and yet she could conveniently, any day she liked, drive to the residence of any of her former acquaintances. But she mixed little with the world, and except on some particular occasion that she appeared at a conversazione, where she was sure to be the better received from the rarity of her visits; or when she went to San Carlo to some new opera, she spent most of her evenings at home, —conversing with her husband, reading, accompanying herself on the guitar, or walking in the coolness of the evening on her ample terrace, from which she enjoyed a double prospect, of the Bay on one side, and of the rich plains of Campania on the other.

The abrupt mountains of Castellamare, the insulated Vesuvius, the broad basin of the Bay, now placid and even as an immense mirror of blue crystal, now white with curled foam when the south winds blow; the green hills of Naples, its grey Norman castles, the myriads of lights glittering to and fro, and that strange, indescribable, buzzing noise which issues from the bowels and heart of that tumultuous city, and is heard afar from the summit of the surrounding hills, as the echo of another world,—all these formed a scene always animated, always varied, and always attractive. To Donna Leonora and De Bree, it was a scene of real love. They enjoyed the present, and made a thousand plans for the future; among which, one was that, if the storm that desolated central Europe, and which threatened to spread to the south of the Alps, should in its course approach the shores of the Tyrrhenian, they would embark and seek an asylum beyond the sea; and England was pointed out by De Bree, who had visited that land, as the safest resting-place for those who, like themselves, might be said to have no longer a country. For this object, however, it was necessary to realize Donna Leonora's property—an undertaking by no means easy in a country where the judicial courts were notorious for their inefficiency, where the

chicanery of the *paglietti*, or lawyers, the indolence or corruption of the judges, and the innumerable flaws and contradictions of the laws, favoured injustice, and encouraged the natural disposition of the natives for a state of interminable contention.

Some years passed, however, during which De Bree and his wife lived quietly at Capodimonte, " the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Another child came to add to their mutual ties, but their joy at this event was saddened at the sickly appearance of the infant, which made them fear for its life. The danger in which they were of losing this object of their affection, made them now wish to recal near them their first-born. Anselmo was now in his seventh year, and the retired and unnoticed manner in which his parents had now lived for years, made them foresee no inconvenience from the addition to their circle of a boy, whom the widow Santini represented as being of a steady, thoughtful disposition, and who would easily submit to those restrictions which a remaining feeling of caution and delicacy might still recommend.

Meantime, distractions still continued to exist in the political world. A number of young men implicated in the first conspiracy, whether real or supposed, had emigrated and taken refuge in

France; yet others, and some of them belonging to the first families, continued their imprudent declamations, and their suspicious meetings. These young noblemen, of a sanguine, buoyant temperament, full of life and spirits, possessed of wit and taste—fond of music, of their mistresses, and, above all, of independence, felt the old routine and etiquette irksome to them; they thought how desirable it were to regenerate their fine country—to make a new Athens of what was formerly a colony of Greece. Classical recollections, personal pretensions, a thirst for excitement, ambition debarred of hope under the established forms, dislike of superiors whom they thought, and perhaps not without some reason, inferior to them in mental qualifications,—all these urged them on, and, in order to find employment for their excess of vitality, they dreamed of overturning a kingdom. As to what the millions, in whose name and behalf they fancied they were exerting themselves, thought or wished, they troubled their heads as little as any eastern diplomatist. The *millions* must think, or be *made* to think, like themselves, for their own freedom and lasting happiness.

De Bree had, during his former residence at Naples, been in habits of intimacy with some of these gentlemen, many of whom were really

amiable and generous-minded, and their manners uncommonly captivating. They, on their part, liked De Bree, who to great vivacity, and promptness of thought, added a considerable share of solid information, and they felt a real esteem for him. They had acquired the habit of talking to him as if he were one of them; and they knew his high principles of honour, and that they could rely upon his discretion. Soon after De Bree returned to Naples, after his escape from France, he met together several of these young cavalieri at his house in town.

"Well, Don Ernesto, welcome again amongst us; we have news both to give and to receive. How does the world behave to you?"

De Bree made some customary reply.

"As for us," continued one of the party with a sigh, "our once gay society is rather thinned since you left us. Our stupid bears (with a significant shrug) have joined the wolves, and have made sad havoc in the fold. But, *Coraggio! non anderà sempre così.* But you, what news do you bring us from the land of liberty?"

"Alas! my kind friends, things are sadly changed in France since we last met."

"What, Don Ernesto, are you too changed?"

"Yes, I am; and I must say, better late than never. I once lived in a world of visions, but I

have *seen* and *felt*, and until we do that, we are like children. The horrors of France are more than sufficient to sober any man's brains."

"But we do not approve of them; we would take only the good, and leave the abuse."

"But will you be able to do this with a population like yours?"

"We will restrain them. The ignorant canaille must be stimulated, taught, compelled, to act for their own good in the way we shall point out to them."

"But what right have you—I crave your pardon, I forgot that *that* is not a palatable question with any party. But if the people are to be held in leading strings still, they will say they have been duped with the name of liberty, which only meant a change of governors."

The young Signori looked grave.

"As for you, gentlemen, your game is a dangerous one; you have much to lose and little to gain. You belong to families, patrician, wealthy, and eminent in the state: you have, therefore, certain important advantages already assured to you; are you sure of an equivalent in a republic?

Ben giuoco è di fortuna audace e stolto
Por contra il poco e incerto, il certo e 'l molto."

"We will run the career of honour in common with our fellow-citizens."

"Fair and generous sentiments, for which I give you full credit; and for that very reason, I should grieve to see them abused. But pray, will your fellow-citizens consider you entitled to any advantages after the sacrifices you will have made? Do you know that gratitude is not the prevailing character of republican assemblies towards their own fellow-citizens? and when arguing for the cause of right, will your lungs prove as stentorian as those of the plebeian? Will you submit to employ low tricks, and to use fair, deceitful words, to flatter the multitude? For the multitude *will* be flattered, and is as greedy in this respect as any sovereign prince, although its cravings are satisfied with coarser food."

The young cavalieri looked disdainful.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, you have introduced this topic, and I speak now my candid sentiments, out of sincere regard for you. Truth may appear unwelcome, yet these are times in which it should be spoken. Believe me, in a country like this, the distinction between the classes is of too long standing to be easily obliterated. It is idle to expect fraternal feelings to succeed it. We are not here in a new state, or in a colony, where there is no native aristocracy. In an old monarchical and feudal country like this, if you strive to cancel at once the distinction of ranks, it

can only be by sacrificing the whole of the upper classes. Nay, the hatred of the plebeians against the aristocrats will soon be converted into hatred of every one who has any pretensions to the title of a gentleman; to which you yourselves have too many claims, not to have reason to fear the effects of popular envy, and of popular vengeance."

And truly, they were among the flower of the young nobility and gentry of Naples, with whom De Bree had an opportunity of mixing. They were young men, accustomed from infancy to the deference of the multitude, but who, from a generous sentiment, would have wished to owe this deference to their own personal qualities, rather than to the adventitious circumstances of birth. They were, many of them, young men of lively passions, who felt that *tedium* of every-day life, which sometimes spurs men to enterprises either noble or mischievous, and according as they turn out in the end, leads them to seats of state, or to a scaffold; and all this to save themselves from the deadly monotony of mere vegetation—a dangerous principle, if not restrained within lawful bounds, and which forms a source of injustice and oppression against the commonwealth. For we must bear in mind, that the immense majority of men are destined to *vegetate*, as it is called, in every-day occupations; that such is the imperious

law of necessity; and that their peace ought not to be disturbed at the caprice of a few even transcendent minds, such as those of a Sylla, a Cæsar, or a Mirabeau.

The excitement of voluptuousness, of music, of the fine arts, of poetry,—all these are sources of intoxication, and in a country like Naples, act powerfully upon individuals. What must their influence be when acting upon young men brought up in luxury and leisure? They become at times actually drunk with excitement. And are these men fit judges of the best social system for the poor labourer, for the mechanic who toils for bread,—for the sober citizen, who lives in the dark, intricate alleys of I Mercanti and La Giudeca, whose only pleasure is going with his family to San Carlo once a year? Many violent measures, suited to the state of exaltation of the former, will appear mischievous to the latter, because they oppose their customs and their prejudices, and destroy their comforts. The old Government had abridged these comforts, it is true, but the people were told and believed it to be in order to oppose the strangers, who would come and alter every thing, —alter their habits, to which they cling more than to their comforts; to make them mount guard in the militia, send their sons to the army, take away their favourite confessors and images

from them, and reduce their festivals and processions; whilst others feared the overthrow of the whole edifice of baronial influence, baronial patronage, judges not inflexible, dexterous paglietti, asylum for criminals in the churches, security for banditti in the mountains, and all the other appendages of old Neapolitan society.

Such were De Bree's reflections, which however he did not explain to his Neapolitan friends. He leant rather on effects than causes, because the former can be brought more easily to the test of experience.

" But leaving the *civium ardor prava jubentium*," resumed he, " is there no danger to be apprehended from the other quarter? Are not the Royalists still formidable in Italy, and Europe generally? Do they forgive easier than the fanatical Democrats? You, the gentlemen of the land, stand between the two parties, hated or mistrusted by both. Perhaps you trust in French assistance? But the French are still far distant, the barrier of the Alps is not yet crossed, although Republican armies have been now for years encamped at the foot of those mountains; and should they at last penetrate into Italy, do you suppose it will be for the advantage of the Italians? Such disinterested sentiments have no precedent in the history of nations. Besides, if

they interfere in the affairs of the Italian states, what will prevent the Germans, the Russians, or the English, from doing the same?"

" *A proposito*, Don Ernesto!" exclaimed one of the company, " you have been in England, too, it is said. What do you think of that nebulous land,—of those stiff and proud islanders, who, after having been the first to judge, condemn, and execute their own King, have now declared war against the French for following their example?"

" Gentlemen, I have seen and admired England," said De Bree, " because I have found there the nearest approximation to universal equity towards every individual. There, they do not acknowledge the fatal principle silently adopted by absolute monarchies, and now openly proclaimed by my democratic countrymen,—that the end justifies the means; there, they do not think it lawful to wound the natural rights of individuals, under the pretence of extending the welfare of the nation; there, the right of property is sacred."

" That may be," said the other, " among themselves; but are they so scrupulous with regard to other nations? Are they not guided by the sole interest of their country?"

" I wish," said De Bree, smiling, " I wish other nations were guided by a similar interest.

I wish my countrymen understood their own better."

"*Parliamoci chiaro amico*," said the eldest of the party, "you are entirely altered in your sentiments. Your journey to England has given you the spleen, and you see things in the worst light possible. We, under our brilliant sky," added he, with an expression of disdainful triumph, "we are more sanguine; we are not so metaphysical as northern people—we want facts, and not long speeches and discussions. This is, perhaps, a fault, but it is a fault inherent to warm temperaments."

Here he was interrupted by the rest, who perceived that the altercation grew warmer than it was customary among friends; and

"Come, *lasciamo le cose serie*," they exclaimed; "come, Don Ernesto, there is a new opera at the Fondo, and we will take you to Donna Peppina's box. You will find there the Duchess of C——, and the Marchioness F——, two of the cleverest women of Naples, and quite in our ideas, too: Oh! if you were to listen to them, they would soon make a convert of you."

"I had better give myself up for vanquished at once, than enter the lists with such formidable antagonists. I shall do myself the honour to pay

my respects at Donna Peppina's one of these days, but this evening you must excuse me; I am engaged."

"Ah! De Bree! you are a lucky man! always fortunate with the sex! But come, discretion, my friends, we will not say a word more about it; come, Duchino, *nè* Contino, it waxes late."

The Duchino was standing before a mirror, looking at his toilet with becoming nonchalance, tossing his head in order to assume an irresistible attitude; and the Contino was on the balcony, kissing his hands with great fervour to a lady of his acquaintance who was driving by in an open barouche.

They now took their departure, with many an "Addio caro, addio Don Ernesto," and left De Bree to his own reflections.

"There they go," said he to himself, shaking his head, "there they go,—gay, warm-hearted, and amiable, but thoughtless young men; on the brink of the precipice, and yet reckless of the steps they take, whilst darker minds are perhaps at this very moment sealing their fate. It is a pity! but are these men fit to preside over the storms which they would raise? Where is their information about the great levers of

government? What intimacy have they with those behind the scenes,—what"——but at this moment his servant announced the carriage was at the door, and De Bree set off for Capodimonte.

Some time after this, a second Giunta di Stato was appointed, more rigorous even than the first. Fresh reports of conspiracies, numerous arrests, and hosts of informers marked their steps: the prisons were filled with suspected persons; nearly one thousand individuals were thrown into dungeons, many of them belonging to families of distinction: doubt and consternation spread themselves through all classes of society. The imprudence of some, the malignity of others, the credulity and fears of the rest, increased the evil. This state of things continued for some time: at last, a change in the Ministry, the retirement of Acton, the disgrace of Vanni, the principal director of this political inquisition, and the victories of the French in the north of Italy, put a stop to the career of persecution.

The appearance of the general affairs became more and more alarming every season. That barrier of the Alps, which had been for years considered as impassable, was at last thrown open; the French rushed into the very centre of

Italy, and the whole Peninsula shook with the report. The northern states were the first to suffer : old Republics and Principalities were overthrown. Tuscany trembled within the grasp of the conqueror, dismay seized the ancient Vatican, and even distant Naples began to fear another visitation from its old invaders, the French.

CHAPTER V.

Young Anselmo meantime remained at Rome, where he had been left by his peasant nurse, under the care of the widow Santini. This good woman was the first being he knew in the world; she moulded his yet indistinct impressions; she was a mother to him, and he called her mamma. Susan Santini was a matronly-looking person, steady though active, with strongly-marked features and an intelligent look, expressive of thoughtfulness and kindness at the same time. She became, from habit, especially fond of Anselmo, and this independent of interested considerations, as she afterwards proved.

Susan Santini had been in her youth in the family of one of the inferior nobility as lady's maid. She acquired, by that means, a respectability of manners, and an acquaintance with the world, superior to that of the generality of women in her station of life. She afterwards married an honest mechanic, and had several daughters who were

married in their turn. The mother remained a widow at the age of forty, she then supported herself by her skill at her needle, until her younger sister Giovannina, who had been, through her means, introduced into the house of Donna Leonora, obtained for her the charge of little Anselmo, which raised the situation of the widow above want, and enabled her to live in a style of decent and comfortable competence.

Susan never encouraged her neighbours' curiosity with regard to young Anselmo's parents, merely stating, in reply to their questions, that they were foreigners from distant parts; while the child was brought up in the habit of looking to her as his only parent.

The first circumstance that attracted Anselmo's thoughts to something above the mere wants and caprices of infancy, and excited in him some new sensations of surprise and curiosity, was the appearance of a strange gentleman entering one day the widow's front room where Anselmo was sitting at his dinner, and who spoke kindly to him and caressed him, and then conversed in a serious and somewhat authoritative tone with Susan. That gentleman's appearance struck Anselmo as that of a person superior to those he had seen before.

From this epoch, Anselmo afterwards dated

the recollection of his existence—as the first occurrence that broke upon the misty vacancy of his earliest years. Connected with this event, there was a vague impression of some unpleasant occurrence, as if he were doomed from that early period to that intrusion of sorrow upon every feeling of satisfaction which he experienced in the course of after-life. There were cries, and a burst of childish passion on his part, upon some petty disappointment of a childish whim, which drew upon him, as well as he could remember, severe looks on the part of the unknown gentleman, and strange mysterious words between the latter and the widow. There was something said about *capricci*. "You must correct him of these caprices," said De Bree, for he was the gentleman in question, "or they may prove the bane of his life."

A teacher, a secular priest, began to attend Anselmo when he was five years of age, and taught him to read and write, and afterwards instructed him in the rudiments of Latin. Anselmo was treated with especial care, and even with deference, by him as well as by Susan: the latter used often to look at him wistfully, while tears were standing in her eyes: "Poor Anselmuccio," she used to say, in that poetical phraseology, familiar to Italians of all classes, "thou

art born under a dubious star; what will be thy fate?"

About a year after De Bree's first appearance, one evening that Anselmo had just recited his pater-noster and ave-maria, and was preparing to go to rest, a carriage was heard rattling through the unfrequented street in which the widow lived; it stopped before her humble dwelling. The door was opened, and the same gentleman appeared, leading in a lady, dressed in an elegant attire, of which the part which attracted Anselmo's attention was her bonnet and feathers, which were to him a novelty, as Susan and all the females of her acquaintance wore the scuffino or black veil over a high muslin cap, the national head-dress of Roman females of the middling ranks of society. Anselmo was much pleased with the lady, who caressed him familiarly, and gave him pretty presents, and he called her *la Signora giovine*. De Bree and Donna Leonora passed only that evening at Rome, where they had come merely to see their child, and to satisfy the mother's affectionate curiosity with regard to him, and where they would not stay, to avoid any notice from Donna Leonora's relations. But now an epistolary correspondence began between De Bree and Anselmo, in which the former always called

himself his best friend, and gave him the love of the young Signora.

At last, it was decided that Susan should take Anselmo, who was now in his seventh year, to Naples, where De Bree and Donna Leonora had been residing together ever since the former's return from France.

The procaccio was then the only public vehicle between Rome and Naples—a sort of caravan, consisting of four or five coaches, old fashioned and without springs, carrying each six persons inside, and loaded with a huge quantity of baggage, and drawn by three, four, or five mules, according as the occasion required. In this way, the caravan proceeded, halting at Albano for dinner, and resting for the night at Velletri; next day dining at Torre tre Ponti, and sleeping at Terracina; then, after being detained two or three hours at the tower on the confines, and having passed Fondi and the mountain of Itri, halting the third night at Mola di Gaeta, crossing next day the famed Garigliano, and then entering the fortified walls of Capua; and, at last, on the fifth day, having performed in all a journey of about one hundred and fifty miles, arriving at dinner time at the custom-house at the barrier of Capodichino, whence the passengers were landed at their respective

lodgings. The journey passed without any remarkable events; the good widow Santini looked at the fine country around, and put on an appearance of familiar acquaintance with travelling; she talked often to a portly padre who was in the same carriage, about a long journey she had performed some thirty years before to the holy house of Loreto, as the humble companion to a certain countess now numbered with the dead; and, while they were passing the mount of Sant Andrea, upon which that most ruffian-looking town of Itri is situated, she observed that it recalled to her mind the superior horrors of the pass of Colfiorito, a high ridge of the Apennines between the provinces of Umbria and Marca d' Ancona, on the road to Loreto. As they entered the Neapolitan states, however, the Santini found herself, for the first time, out of the pale of the Papal rule. She regarded those strangers, the Neapolitans, as little better than heretics, for being under the rule of a lay potentate. She could not help observing, that they looked most uncouth and wild, that the Neapolitan *language* was harsh and graceless, that she could not understand a word of it, and she should never be at the trouble of learning it; that the bread, meat, and *wines* were far inferior to those of her dear Rome, and the apartments filthy; and

in this she was not wrong; and it struck her the more, as her own house was certainly a pattern of cleanliness not easily met with, in either the Neapolitan or Roman territories, among people of her class.

Anselmo paid little attention to any of these remarks. His feelings were of a different nature. He, for the first time, saw the world,—the great world of nature displayed before him, but the sight excited pleasure more than wonder; it came to him as a familiar idea, as an image congenial to his mind. On the second day of their journey, as the immense plain of the Pontine marshes expanded before the travellers, decked in all the pomp of spring, the green harvest bending in undulating curves before the western breeze, miles after miles, as far as eye could reach, Anselmo literally shouted with joy, and wished he could plunge into that brilliant wilderness, and roam at will to the very extremes of the earth. But still greater was his delight, in beholding the vast blue sea, on approaching Terracina—in seeing the perpetual motion of the waves, always advancing and always breaking at his very feet; in listening to the cadence of the surge. Oh! was it true the world contained such beauties! how happy to behold them every day of one's life, instead of being cooped up in narrow streets, and seeing no

other water than that of the yellow Tiber, and no other mountain but that of La Trinita de Monti, or Monte Cavallo.

Anselmo's temperament, naturally ardent, began to manifest itself; he became restless and unruly, and once, at Sant' Agata, where they stopped for dinner on the fourth day, the boy took the opportunity, while the Santini was dozing in her chair, to slide out of the inn, and, entering a path-way, ran along a beautiful avenue of mulberry trees, leading to the neighbouring hills. Meantime the procaccio got ready for his departure, and, in mustering his passengers, Anselmo was found wanting; the widow was frightened beyond measure; she ran into the road, and, at last, some peasants pointed out where the boy was wandering, and the truant was brought back, half unwilling, to the carriage. It was then that Susan, crossing herself, ejaculated, "Oh! this is the effect of his heretical blood! I, for my own part, shudder in thinking what will become of this child. So young and yet so restless!" And yet, in spite of Anselmo's restlessness, Susan was not the less fond of him, and saw, with sincere grief, the moment approach when she was to be parted from her youthful charge.

According to instructions which she had received

by a letter, the widow ordered the procaccio to take her to the Palazzo N., Strada Montoliveto. A wide portone, or carriage-gate, introduced them into the court-yard in the centre of a handsome building, of the Neapolitan architecture, so well calculated for the climate, a light airy staircase occupying one side of the structure, and seeming, to Susan's weak sight, to be endless in its ascent towards the sky; she counted three, four, five, six stories, and could count no further. She wondered how people liked to be perched up so high at Naples, and in a country of earthquakes! "What a dangerous elevation that must be!" she thought to herself.

The arrival of De Bree's servants, followed by De Bree himself, put a stop to Susan's cogitations. "Anselmuccio," said she, leading the boy by the hand towards his father, "there is your friend the signore, who came to see you at Rome, and who was so good to you." De Bree embraced his child, and, leading the widow up stairs, showed her into a suite of spacious apartments.

After a few questions about her journey, De Bree said he must take Anselmo to the Duchess's house which was out of town. It was agreed that during the time Susan remained at Naples, she should see the boy every day, so as to accustom

the latter by degrees to a final separation. At the same time, De Bree expressed his thanks to the good Santini for the care she had taken of the boy, with whose appearance he seemed satisfied, and told her that his gratitude would be better expressed by deeds than words. He gave meantime the necessary dispositions for the widow's accommodation; and then the carriage being announced to be ready, he took Anselmo by the hand and went away.

While driving to Donna Leonora's house, De Bree told Anselmo that he was going to take him to a lady who wished very much to see him. They arrived at a house, or palazzo, as it was called by courtesy, situated on one of those lovely hills that encircle Naples, and surrounded by gardens. Of lesser dimensions than the town palaces, it looked more private, neat, and comfortable. It had, however, the distinguishing mark of a palazzo: the portone or carriage-gate through which persons might be set down at the foot of the stairs.

De Bree, leading Anselmo by the hand, crossed several apartments neatly furnished, where two domestics in livery were in waiting. At last, the boy was left in a sort of study or library, while De Bree went into the inner apartments to give notice of their arrival. Shortly after, the latter

returned, and took Anselmo through several other rooms into a boudoir, where sat the mistress of the house with her female attendant. She rose, and embraced the boy with demonstrations of affection, and Anselmo recognised the lady of the bonnet and feathers, who had called at Susan's house at Rome. After a few questions, she seemed to consider Anselmo very attentively, and exchanged significant looks with De Bree. The change that had taken place in Anselmo's appearance, since she had seen him last, was not favourable. His features, which in his infancy, were remarkably delicate, had enlarged, and become plainer, and the marks left by a recent disease, often fatal to children at that time, were conspicuous in his little countenance. His complexion had assumed a sallow tinge, his eyes had lost some of their lustre, and his once curly light-brown hair, which Donna Leonora much admired, and a lock of which, set in a medallion, she constantly wore on her bosom, had fallen during the boy's illness, and the short crop by which they were replaced had a darker and less glossy hue. Anselmo's present appearance lost, therefore, by comparison; in other respects, his health was good, his person straight and proportionate, and his speech clear and flexible. Mr. De Bree had already, when receiving the boy

from Susan's hands, noticed the alteration that had taken place in his features, by some expressions of regret which he endeavoured to modify by observing to the widow, that "it was perhaps all the better for him, as beauty was a dangerous gift, and often fatal to its possessor."

These are mere trifles which, however, have at times considerable influence on the destiny of a man. In Italy, particularly, beauty was considered as the greatest of gifts, and its existence or deficiency in a child often influenced the sentiments of parents. Anselmo paid but little attention to the remarks which passed on the occasion; it was not till long afterwards that he remembered them.

Besides the lady and her attendant, there was in the apartment another individual; it was a babe resting on a couch. Anselmo did not know it was his brother. He however caressed it, but the child began crying, and the lady immediately took it up in her arms. Anselmo was dismissed, and De Bree took him to the room that had been prepared for his reception.

Anselmo's situation in his parents' house had something irksome in it, which he felt, without being aware of the cause. This was the consequence of the sort of mystery kept with regard to De Bree's marriage with Donna Leonora, which had

never been publicly made known. Such is the inconvenience attending all secret marriages, from which serious evils almost unavoidably arise to the parties and to the offspring. The domestics, too, take advantage of such circumstances, and often assume a tone of flippancy, relying upon the interest their masters have to conciliate their discretion. Anselmo was treated with a lack of attention by these mercenaries, and, as he had never been told positively in what relation De Bree and Donna Leonora stood to him, he did not feel the confidence which was required to command deference. He was humbled; he felt there was something not right in his position, which he could not explain.

Anselmo joined to a natural quickness of observation, a habit of pensiveness, which was the result of the sequestered life he had led at the widow's house at Rome, without a companion of his age, without partaking in those useful sports which serve as a relaxation to other children, and favour the developement of their bodily elasticity and mental vivacity. This unsocial education, which had a serious influence on the formation of his character, originated in the directions of his parents to Susan, who was directed to keep the boy as much as possible from the gaze of the world. On his arrival at his mother's house, this

system became still more rigidly enforced. Except when he went out with De Bree, the boy when at home remained mostly in his room, out of the eye of any occasional visitant; and thus he became, in a manner, estranged from every one. De Bree, when he was at leisure to take him out to walk, felt a degree of paternal pride in his appearance; his youth, and the cleanliness and peculiar style of his dress, of nankeen jacket and trousers, with his neck bare, so very different from the stiff, cumbersome, close-buttoned attire of the native children, attracted the attention of the Neapolitans, especially of the women, who, in their animated jargon, often blessed "the boy, and the mother who bore him."

Anselmo was made to study French, geography, history, and the Bible. De Bree contrived so as seldom to leave him alone with Donna Leonora, probably to prevent her counteracting the different turn he was endeavouring to give to his religious feelings.

And here we may trace another powerful source of Anselmo's future perplexities. The boy had been brought up by the widow Santini in the practices of the Catholic church. This was done according to the mother's suggestions, which she inculcated by her letters as well as during her short visits to Rome. Mr. De Bree, at the same

time, never opposed this method, indeed he did not mention the subject to the widow; whether it was that he had not made up his mind yet as to the boy's destination, or that he thought that Anselmo's great youth would prevent any tenets from being strongly rooted in him, so as to form an obstacle to his future instructions. If this latter was his supposition, it was so far justified that the boy easily imbibed afterwards some of the spirit of the reformed religion, which his father by degrees pressed upon his mind, in commenting on the Scriptures, and upon other occasions. Yet the impression made by forms and rites was not completely eradicated; and here it was that the father's foresight had failed him. He had not calculated sufficiently on the power of early impressions, especially those which a worship so imposing as the Catholic must produce on a susceptible youthful mind. Even after Anselmo had given up all exterior practices of his early communion, and had adopted some of his father's principles, still occasionally on passing a church, an altar, a Madonna, or on hearing an Ave Maria bell toll, he would instinctively take off his hat,—and was rebuked for it. He could not understand how he was wrong in repeating what had been taught to him as a duty, and he felt on those occasions the consciousness of an arbitrary

power exerted over him, which tended to alienate his heart. When, by chance, left alone with his (although to him not confessed) mother, she, who was still strictly attached to the practices of her religion, would make him kneel down and repeat his Latin prayers, and exhort him to remain a good Catholic, such, she used to tell him, as he was born. This the boy withheld from his father's knowledge, and this was another cause of estrangement. It was on these occasions, that his mother's solicitude chiefly appeared: with a true Catholic feeling, her maternal tenderness appeared mostly when her child's soul was concerned. That lady's situation must have been very painful; but as if her energy had been exhausted by former trials, she now gave herself up to a course of passive resignation.

By degrees, it seemed as if the heart of De Bree had become in some measure alienated from his first-born. This may be accounted for by different reasons. The boy was in many instances a source of secret disagreement between the father and mother, as to his religious vocation. The air of mystery which it was still thought necessary to keep, the awkward consequences resulting from it, prevented the father from taking full delight in the presence of his child, who was at times an ad-

ditional source of trouble. He had besides another son, which had been sent for a while into the country, on account of his delicate state of health. De Bree's temper was ruffled by all this; his health, which had already suffered from a a complaint in his chest that had began to develope itself during his residence in France in the revolutionary times, increased his irritability. His affairs were also untoward; his wife's property remained still undecided, and her income was not always regularly paid. The political state of Naples became unsafe; the French armies were threatening the south of Italy with their dreaded visitation;—all these were more than sufficient to distract a mind but too irritable, and affect his health at the same time. Poor Anselmo, who was unconscious of all these powerful causes, which his mind could not yet grasp, was however doomed to feel their effects. He was severely rebuked for trifling offences, kept at a distance, terrified by angry looks, so that the little confidence that had begun to shoot in his naturally affectionate breast towards the persons with whom he lived, and who he was told were the only friends he had in the world,—that confidence was stifled in the bud. He became silent for fear of offending; morose although naturally lively; suspicious, and reserved. Afraid

of offending by every action or word, he appeared at times as if he had a disposition to dissemble, as, in the confusion of his sentiments, he would contradict himself. If he were asked a question connected with his studies, on a subject which he did not clearly comprehend, he answered it with trepidation, was found fault with, and when wishing to correct the impression, he gave another reply of a different tenour; he was then puzzled by scrutinizing questions and interrogations, until his head became bewildered, and he then said any thing to escape from this sort of mental torture. On these occasions, perhaps merely serving as a pretence to keep him out of sight, when De Bree or his wife were obliged to attend to business, and receive lawyers, Anselmo was secluded in a solitary room in the attic of the house, where he remained for days and weeks together. There he acquired habits of solitude and reverie; he began to live in a world of his own fancy, and by degrees he disliked it less; he was almost afraid of returning into the society of human beings, where he was apprehensive of meeting stern looks and fresh rebukes.

This was the extraordinary system pursued towards Anselmo. It was astonishing, it was providential, that it did not injure his intellects. It may be asked, how was it possible that a parent

submitted his child, the offspring of his love, to such a trial? Such is the strangeness of human nature; that parent was attached to his child, he suffered bitterly while he punished him, and thought he was doing his duty in eradicating his wayward dispositions, which he did not perceive were often the consequence of a mistaken treatment. Even had the child brought with him from the widow Santini's house a disposition to stubbornness, this would have been by gentle and affectionate methods easily removed from a tender mind; instead of which, fear and severity were only calculated to confirm the habit. The father mistook from the beginning the character of his child.

Anselmo was naturally susceptible and warm-hearted; he had inherited his mother's pride and his father's susceptibility. He was not to be conquered by harsh treatment, especially when that treatment appeared to him undeserved; he remained silent; sometimes he shed tears when alone, but never in the presence of Mr. De Bree: he rose at his approach, answered his questions, but never spoke first or begged any favour. He felt no aversion, but little affection. His mind dwelt upon itself, and he acquired a sort of vague romanticism, a habit of changing his ideas as the decorations of a stage. He looked through his latticed window at the gardens beneath, envied the

working people who were in them, because they appeared to be free, inhaled the cool sea-breeze with delight, and looked at the blue expanse of heaven and sighed; at other times he cried again like a child. He contracted a sort of intimacy with that beautiful insect the green and gold lizard of the south, which crawled up the wall to his window; even a spider in a corner of the ceiling was to him an object of interest. Through the key-hole of his room-door, which was in a line with the loop-hole that gave light to the passage, he had a glimpse of the distant Apennines, and inhaled the refreshing tramontana or northern breeze that blew from them; he ate his solitary meal with keen appetite, and his health, naturally good, remained unimpaired, only he acquired a thin and slender habit of body. At times, he would wonder why he should be so treated, and compared his present fate, a prisoner in a palace, to his former situation, a fostered inmate of Santini's humble dwelling. He began to feel a wish to escape from this thraldom, and return to Rome, where were the only persons he knew besides. He recollected the names of the places he had passed on the road, and the distance between them. Money he did not know the necessity of, or at least the objection did not occur to him. In his simplicity, he, one day, when,

in M. De Bree's absence, Donna Leonora came to see him, complained of his forced seclusion, and innocently told her that he wished, and would at the first opportunity, go back to Susan's at Rome. Donna Leonora was amazed, and almost alarmed, at the decided tone of the boy; she remonstrated with him, and observed, that even were he to escape from the house, he could not, young as he was, and unprotected, wlthout money or guide, find his way to such a distance. This, and the assurance of her affection, calmed Anselmo, and prevented him from dwelling any longer on his wild project. Donna Leonora confessed afterwards that she suffered severely on the occasion; the plaintive voice of her child had reached her very heart. It roused her maternal feelings, which, from the anxiety of other cares, and the fear of contradicting her husband, had lain dormant for some time; when De Bree came, she interceded for her boy, and Anselmo was allowed to come down again and join his parents.

A year passed in this manner, and the health of Mr. De Bree became worse: he gave up entirely all thoughts of business, left his town house, and took up his residence for the benefit of the air, near l'Infrascata, at the palace of a Neapolitan nobleman then absent from the country from

political causes, and whose agents let a part of his immense mansion, reserving the principal floor, or *piano nobile*, for the owner. De Bree occupied a detached wing, which looked towards the castle of Sant Elmo, from which it was separated by a deep ravine and by some extensive gardens, which rose on the opposite side along the slope of the hill to the very glacis of the fortress. Donna Leonora continued to live at Capodimonte, although she came almost every day to see her husband and child.

De Bree now confined himself almost totally to his house, employing the time in which he was freer from pain in forwarding Anselmo's education. He seemed, now that he had given up all other cares, to redouble in his attention for his boy's improvement, and appeared delighted with his progress. The study of French, and of the Bible, occupied him chiefly; Sturm's Considerations on the Works of Providence, Bonnet's Contemplation of Nature, some of Madame de Genlis' juvenile works, Gessner's Romances,—were amongst the works which he put into Anselmo's hands, and which the latter read with delight. Now that De Bree was kind to him, Anselmo, though he seldom went out of doors, was perfectly satisfied with his mode of existence.

An addition was now made to De Bree's esta-

blishment by the arrival of his second son, who returned from the country, a lovely boy, four years of age, of a mild fond disposition; Anselmo was delighted with him; he was his first companion, his first playmate, and a fond one. But this did not last long. The child caught the small pox, and died in a few days. Anselmo often thought afterwards that a merciful Providence had snatched him away from the sufferings that would have awaited him here below.

This event produced a considerable impression on Anselmo's mind, the stronger in proportion to his retired habits. The blooming, cherub-like countenance of that lost brother often recurred to his thoughts, and he fancied him as a guardian angel watching over him. The image of death, which he contemplated for the first time, opened a new channel to his thoughts. The violent emotions he had felt had made his mind overstep his years, and as he had no one to communicate his sentiments to, for he seldom spoke to his father except when questioned, and this was mostly on matters connected with his studies, he deeply ruminated and held communion with himself.

Meantime the political horizon of Naples grew darker and darker every day. The assassination of the French General Duphot, which happened at

Rome in December, 1797, led to the overthrow of the Papal Government; and the French Republicans were now on the very confines of the Kingdom of Naples, against whose Government they had many old grievances.

The phantom of a Republic established on the Capitol by the French armies, although the more contemptible from the associations of local ideas, was, from its own weakness, a readier instrument in the hands of the French Directory to complete the conquest of the south of Italy.

The Court of Naples was not blind to its danger, and knowing that conciliation was of no avail with a revolutionary Government, determined to stand its chance of defence. For this purpose, the Neapolitan army had been increased to the number of sixty thousand men, and was distributed near the frontiers, ready to take the field.

Meantime, plunder, oppression, proscription, were the order of the day at Rome, and in the whole of its unfortunate State: the inhabitants of several provinces revolted; first those of Perugia, and then in the Campagna. They drove in several French detachments, and approached the walls of Rome, but were afterwards defeated by the regular forces of the French; and being driven back to their native towns, made a stand,

were stormed in, and butchered. Ronciglione, Frosinone, and Terracina, were abandoned to the ferocity and the licence of the soldiers, and the towns partly burnt. The Roman States to the south of the Apennines, already depopulated by the unwholesomeness of the air, were now reduced to a real desart; the few inhabitants who had remained were starving, while riot, debauchery, and misrule reigned at Rome, even in the very halls of the Vatican, now profaned and prostituted. Every opportunity was taken to insult the public worship and its ministers. The Court of Naples ostensibly proposed to itself to put a stop to this devastation, by occupying the Ecclesiastical territories.

For the first time in history, mention was made of a Neapolitan army; the country had till then been invaded or defended by foreign troops, with which native ones were occasionally mixed, but never had an entire Neapolitan army been brought together. It was a dubious trial, but the choice of a general was a still more delicate task. A German officer, Mack, was sent from Vienna to take the command of this Neapolitan army; and thus the system of foreign influence, and foreign domination, was persevered in even while it was most imperative to encourage sentiments of nationality. Since the beginning of Acton's admi-

nistration, a succession of foreign generals had introduced a number of innovations and changes in the dress, the tactics, and the discipline of the Neapolitan troops, to the great annoyance of the soldiers, and the injury of the service. Commissions were given to the foreign creatures of those generals, to the pupils of the military college, and to persons who had secret means of interest with the Court. Few experienced native officers could be expected to be found under such a system. The same administration put an end to regular promotion by seniority, and it precluded finally all non-commissioned officers from the hope of ever obtaining a commission.

At the same time that the *morale* of the army was thus neglected, the *materiel* was not better provided for. Every thing was carried by intrigue; and commissaries, inspectors, and contractors, concurred in dilapidating the funds destined for the army, and defrauding the service and the soldiers of their due. They took the horses and mules from the country people, many of whom were never paid for them; and most of this plunder was sold again by the very persons who had enforced the requisition.

One half of the men had been raised by a forced levy, and were still inexperienced in their duty; others were taken from the voluntary mi-

litia, who had been assembled for the defence of the kingdom, and who afterward found themselves led beyond the frontiers to fight against an enemy which had not even been announced to them, for the war against the French was never proclaimed.

Every thing was trickery and vacillation, bad means at all times, and with all people; but more so with the Neapolitans, who, quick, lively, and impatient, require promptitude and decision, in order to be over-awed, and to have their confidence secured.

The higher combinations of the plan of the impending war, were not of a better order than the inferior details of the army. Even to this day, it is impossible to raise entirely the veil of mystery which hangs over those transactions. It was an epoch when the French Government, as well as its enemies, seemed to vie with each other in artifice and subtlety. The object of the Court of Naples was to drive the French from central Italy, while the Austrians were to attack them in the north: the plan on the map seemed plausible, but when it came to be put into execution, the Neapolitans alone moved, for no Austrian soldier stepped beyond the Adige. The Cabinet of Austria had fixed the opening of the campaign for the month of April; the Neapolitans began theirs

in the preceding November. The Ministers at Vienna heard at the same time of the advance and the defeat of the Neapolitan army. But it seems that a confidential communication between some members of the two sovereign families, who were united by the ties of blood, had arranged the movements of the Neapolitan army, unknown to the all-powerful Aulic Council itself.

On the other side, the Directory, which was just then more concerned about Parisian intrigues than interested in the general affairs of Europe, was acting on this occasion a part more than usually Machiavelian. It allowed the King of Naples to complete his preparations, and still to retain his ambassador at Paris all the while; and so careless those oligarchs seemed to be about the politics of southern Italy, that they, even after the beginning of hostilities, sent orders to their General-in-Chief, Joubert, binding him to mere defensive operations with regard to Naples, and forbidding him to invade that kingdom. Some among the Neapolitan Ministers, who thought themselves well-skilled in diplomatic tortuous finesse, and who probably smiled with complacency at the simplicity of the remainder of the Cabinet, in being alarmed at the prospect of a war with France, built upon this apparent neglect of the Directory their hopes of success;

and thought by this means of conquering the more central provinces of Italy, and particularly the Ecclesiastical State, then deprived of its sovereign Pontiff, and of extending the political influence of Naples, without being obliged to share with Austria the fruits of the conquest. Mack seems also to have been extremely confident of triumph, and to have talked so securely of driving the French out of Italy, that the partisans of war burnt with impatience to try so promising an experiment. The news of the celebrated victory of the Nile hastened the determination of the Neapolitan Cabinet, by removing every danger apprehended from a French fleet in the Mediterranean.

A Neapolitan division was sent to Leghorn, in the rear of the French who were at Rome, and who thus would find themselves between two fires. At last, on the 14th November, the King of Naples having repaired to his camp of San Germano, where he fixed his head-quarters, published a Proclamation, in which he stated that the invasion of the Roman States by the French armies, and the danger resulting therefrom to the security of his own dominions, had induced him to enter the Roman States, to re-establish order in them, inviting at the same time the inhabitants to facilitate his enterprise, and *exhorting* the Com-

manders of the foreign troops to evacuate immediately the whole of the Roman territory, without interfering any longer in the destinies of that State, which, on account of its proximity, and from the most legitimate motives, was placed under the special protection of the Neapolitan Sovereign.

The ambiguity of this Proclamation, in which no war was declared, no enemy was named, had an appearance of eccentricity which would have been amusing, had it not threatened to be fatal.

The Neapolitan army, on the 22d November, entered the Roman States in various columns. Those which moved with extraordinary rapidity on the direct road from Naples, arrived at Rome in five days, and occupied the city. King Ferdinand himself fixed his head-quarters in that capital. Mack, however, instead of concentrating his forces, of allowing them some rest, of waiting for the arrival of the commissaries' stores, and for the artillery, which had remained behind on account of the bad roads and the swelled rivers,—still kept urging on his division, harassed with fatigue and want of provisions. Meantime, the right wing of his army had been defeated on the frontiers of Abruzzo; and now Mack found himself opposed by the French General, Championnet, who defeated him at Civita Castellana.

A few days after, King Ferdinand was warned to abandon Rome precipitately before he were surrounded by the enemy.

Then the rout began, and in less than a month from the commencement of hostilities, the French had not only re-conquered the Roman States, but invaded the Kingdom of Naples in their turn. Mack retired with the remnants of his division, and shut himself up in Capua. Thus, in the course of a short month, King Ferdinand conquered a country, lost it again, and found himself on the eve of losing his own kingdom. The left division which had entered Tuscany, and was commanded by General Damas, behaved the best, and showed that the Neapolitan troops were not deficient in military spirit, if properly directed. Damas, however, finding himself insulated, retired towards the sea.

While every one at Naples was in a state of uncertainty, while the fate of the Kingdom was at stake,—and in those times a change of Government was sure to endanger the properties and lives of one half of the people,—the family of De Bree was not the least to share in the common anxiety. Both De Bree and Donna Leonora were strangers to Naples; the native countries of both had been revolutionized; and now, this last asylum, this southernmost land of Europe, was on

the point of undergoing the same trial. Hard, very hard, that the follies of the Governors, and the frenzy of those who wished to put themselves in their place, should not leave peaceful individuals a corner in Europe where they could rest in peace! "Must we go to Barbary to enjoy tranquillity? The more one flies before the revolution, the closer it follows one's steps."

Such were the exclamations of De Bree. Donna Leonora had long mourned in silence over the miseries of her native Rome: the letters and the accounts she had received from thence, for the last twelve months, were filled with grievous details. At Rome, very different in this from Naples, the revolutionary spirit had shown itself chiefly among the most worthless description of characters, almost all the respectable individuals of every rank standing aloof from it. This was a crime in the eyes of the senators, tribunes, and consuls of a day, who were now strutting about the capitol.

After the dignitaries of the Church had been expelled and deprived of their emoluments, the high patrician families came, in their turn, under the scourge. Heavy fines, vexations, and insults, were heaped upon them: meantime, the pillage of the museums and galleries continued. The beautiful villa Albani, one of the most complete collection of works of the arts, arranged with an

exquisite taste, and which it had been the business of its owner's life to enrich, was plundered by the French. The other galleries and churches were stripped of their best works; churches and convents were robbed of their plate and property. The inmates of monasteries, of both sexes, were turned out in the streets with an indecent and cruel precipitation. The contributions to be paid by the unfortunate Romans seemed to be without end. First, those laid by the military chiefs; next, those by the civil commissioners; then, the extraordinary taxes, forced loans, redemption-money, *&c.*; contributions levied on the aristocrats, the seizure of the plate of individuals,—all these had succeeded one another in frightful rapidity, for the space of nine months. The property of those who contrived to escape from this scene of violence was confiscated. Meantime, the *sçavans* and amateurs of Paris came to collect the works of art, the manuscripts, the curiosities without number, which Rome contained, and packed them up for the banks of the Seine. The pillage alone of the Vatican, of the Pope's other palaces, and of those of the Roman nobility, was estimated at about forty millions of French livres; that of the churches and monasteries at about one-half of that sum,—and this, independent of the enormous contributions in cash

which that unfortunate State had to pay, both under Pius VI. to avert the invasion, and after the arrival of the French, to defray the expences of their visit. No wonder that Italy, and Rome in particular, should have become poor after such a scourge; while foreigners, who now see hardly any vestige of its former wealth, sneer at the pomp of its palaces contrasted with the forced parsimony of their owners.

A fate similar to that of Rome, seemed now to be hovering over Naples; and De Bree and his consort could, therefore, calculate the extent of the impending misery.

The time which immediately precedes the downfall of a long-established kingdom, is a time of awful suspense, even for those who are dissatisfied with the old system. Like the heathen temple of old, when shaken to its very centre by an arm of supernatural strength, the social edifice of centuries, falling with a tremendous crash, buries both friend and foe under its massive ruins. It is one thing to talk of revolutions when they are yet far from probable, and another to stand the brunt when once come. It is very easy, and even pleasant, to relate tales of stormy seas and sweeping blasts, of half-sunken rocks and foaming billows,—of the horrors of a wreck driven against an iron-bound lee shore,—and this while we sit

comfortably by our sea-coal fire, with a circle of smiling friends around us, and the only sensible image of the powerful elements, in the shape of a drizzling rain, pelting against our windows:—but let us be transported from the snug parlour into the close-hauled ship, bounding over the ample breast of the angry billow, and writhing under the lash of the surge,—let us see and *feel* all the terrors of the deep frowning at us, and our sensations will be of a very different character. And thus it is with the storms of the political world, which are often more terrific than those of the elements. The hurricane is seen approaching apace; people know that its rage will have victims,—but who, and how many? These are the fearful questions which every one asks himself, and which every one shudders to answer, while he gives round a look of anxiety to his dearest friends,—to his wife, to his children, who are, happily for them, unconscious of the extent of the danger. There is not even that sort of excitement produced by other dangers which must be met for a distinct purpose,—that excitement which spreads joy over the tented camp, and the rude bivouack,—a still fiercer joy over the gory field of battle; or in that little world of oak, floating on the ocean, bearing defiance to distant lands:—in all these there is a joyous excitement for a brave man, because he sees the

path of duty clear before him, and glory and rewards at the end of the goal; but there is nothing of the kind in a revolution brought on by faction and foreign arms. In a revolution such as those that occurred in Italy at the close of the last century, there was no distinct plausible purpose; there was guilt, misery, and instability on every side, and whichever party predominated, the prospect of the future remained enveloped in gloom.

Meantime, the alarm of the high and powerful of yesterday, who now staggering on the brink of the precipice, endeavour to collect their little remaining strength, striving to render their fall less abrupt, spreads downwards from class to class, to the last citizen. What is to be done? asks the subaltern, in a hurried tone; and contradictory orders only increase his confusion, until at last, *sauve qui peut* becomes the signal word for all. Then the work of plunder begins,—then honesty, gratitude, obedience, providence, are all set aside; and anarchy strides through the halls of state, the arsenals of war, and over the financial boards.

Such was the state of Naples in December, 1798. The main body of the army had been dispersed; the General-in-Chief had returned to Capua, where discontent and insubordination surrounded him; the other divisions were scattered in distant provinces, and partly defeated; the

fortresses of Pescara and Gaeta, the keys of the kingdom, had opened their gates almost without firing a shot; and the French army under the command of Championnet was advancing, elate with rapid success, and full of contempt for its antagonists, upon the defenceless capital. The King had returned to his palace at Caserta, having narrowly escaped being taken prisoner at Rome. He thought himself betrayed, while he had only been ill-served from incapacity. He mistrusted his Ministers, and dissension was in the Cabinet. The Minister at War, who had in the Council opposed the expedition to Rome, and had been disgraced for his sincerity, was now applied to by Ferdinand to take measures for the defence of the Kingdom; but it was too late—the Kingdom was already invaded, both on the eastern and western frontiers. The patriotism of the nation, long neglected, was now resorted to; a Proclamation was issued, exhorting the people to rise in mass, to defend against the invaders, their families, their homes, the religion of their forefathers. All this was to the purpose; but when the Proclamation went on reminding the simple provincials that they were the descendants of the Samnites, of the Lucanians, the Brutii, and the Greeks,—then it went beyond its mark; for these names, long obliterated, found no responding feeling in

the hearts of the modern Abruzzians, Apulians, and Calabrians. This was part of that system of pedantic quackery which the French had put in vogue in Italy, and which the Sovereigns sillily adopted.

However, that poor Neapolitan people, so long neglected for the sake of foreigners, was found true to this forcible appeal to its feelings. The populace of Naples ran to the palace with cries of tumultuous loyalty, asking to see their King.

But the Court having excited the enthusiasm of the people, neglected the opportunity to avail themselves of it to any useful purpose. The King was even dissuaded from showing himself to his people. General Pignatelli, and another nobleman, presented themselves in his stead: still the people cheered them, and with that tumultuous eloquence peculiar to the nation, they complained of the foreigners, who, they said, had been working for the last fifteen years the ruin of their beautiful country; that the foreigners were all traitors; that the King ought to name General Pignatelli first Minister. In these and similar exclamations, some natural good sense, and love of their country, were perceivable through the presumption and vulgarity of an ignorant populace. This burst of loyalty, however, frightened the

Court and the Ministers, and it was decided to abandon Naples, and its loyal population, and withdraw to Sicily.

From the retired and elevated spot where De Bree's family lived, they heard the distant report of what happened in the discordant city below. They heard the shouts of the populace, and the trampling of horses which paraded the streets in order to restrain the excesses of the mob; they saw the detachments of infantry winding up in silence towards the castle of Sant Elmo, to prepare for the worst in case of invasion; they saw foreign men-of-war, English and Portuguese, riding at anchor in the ample bay; and they imagined easily that all this note of preparation forebode no good to the devoted city.

Next day was De Bree's birth-day, an anniversary which he had been in the habit of keeping since his residence at Naples with a few confidential friends, chiefly foreigners. They came, or rather dropped in one by one, on that day, with countenances on which grief and consternation were painted. Donna Leonora, as she received them with her accustomed kindness, looked at them attentively one after the other as if to read their sentiments. Nothing cheerful was to be obtained from them. The reports they brought were each more dismal than the preceding one.

The French were under the walls of Capua, and the court was certainly, though secretly, preparing to embark for Sicily. A continual bustle was observed in and about the Royal palace. Meantime the provinces were in a state of anarchy, one party, though small, favouring the French, the other, composed of the peasantry, determined to oppose them. The populace of the city was all but in open insurrection. If the King, at least, were advised to show himself, and put himself at the head of his people, something might be done; but the silence and mystery observed by the court, tended only to excite the strongest suspicions in the populace.

"And so they are going to leave us in the midst of the danger into which their rashness and incapacity have brought us," observed De Bree. "I don't accuse the King; he, simple man, does not want courage, but he is led by others. But the Queen, I should have expected more display of character from her. They seem to have lost their heads altogether; and we, this city, a population of half a million of souls, are to be the victims of the incapacity of a few. Strange, hard fatality!"

At this moment, a gentleman, an old friend of De Bree, came in breathless, and with dismay

painted on his features. "What's the news, Don Luigi?" asked De Bree.

The latter made a sign, pointing to Donna Leonora.

"Never mind my being present," said the latter, "tell us the worst, I am resigned, indeed I have been long so. It is suspense which tortures me."

"Why," said the other, "the revolution has begun, the people have been excited, and now can be no longer restrained. They have begun their work of blood. This morning they have murdered the King's courier, who was going to embark with dispatches, and dragged his body in front of the palace, under the very eyes of the King, who stood at the window calling to them to forbear, but in vain. I saw myself the immense mass of people rushing from the Largo del Castello, and shouting "Death to the traitors, viva the holy faith, viva the King. It was a fearful sight!"

"But what do they want?" asked De Bree.

"Do they know it themselves?" replied Don Luigi. "Do not you know our Neapolitan populace? All this is not their doing; there are evidently agitators among them,—from whatever party it is not safe to say, but the people are goaded by all sorts of strange reports; they love

the King, but they see clearly there has been something wrong in the Government, and they attribute it to foreigners."

"They are not far from the mark in that," observed De Bree.

"Perhaps not, but what is the use of their finding it out now? They would oppose the French, but they do not know how. No dispositions are given. Mack writes from Capua that he cannot answer for the defence of that place with an insubordinate garrison; and what is there to stop the French? The Lazzaroni will rush forth to be butchered, and our unfortunate city will be plundered and destroyed."

Donna Leonora looked deadly pale, and Don Luigi, who had given way to his loquacity under the influence of fear, now perceived he had gone too far.

"Pardon me, Signora, but the fears of a husband and a father—" and he was going on blundering worse and worse, when De Bree stopped him.

"Come, Don Luigi, things look certainly bad enough, but being so bad, they cannot remain long so. The French army, I must say, now between us," and he looked round and lowered his voice; "the French army is the only guarantee we have for our lives. I certainly did not

wish them to come,—you know I am not a revolutionist, far from it, very far indeed; but since the Government abandons us, after having called in the conqueror, surely the latter cannot, will not, stop in its career. Surely the Lazzaroni cannot stop the march of twenty thousand Frenchmen. They will, they must come in, in a few days; we shall have to pay them; I know it well, but, at least, our lives will be safe."

"Amen," ejaculated Donna Leonora.

"*Così sia*," said all the company.

The conversation was now turned to other subjects, but a heaviness hung upon all during the rest of the day. After dinner they went out on the terrace which overlooked the town and the bay. The sea was agitated as if portending a storm. The sky towards the west displayed that ominous wall of clouds, which rises higher and higher on the approach of the Lebeccio, until it covers the whole horizon. Sudden gusts of a sultry wind came sweeping about the fallen leaves of the surrounding trees.

"Even the heavens look frowning upon us," remarked Donna Leonora. It was now dusk, and she went in and took up her guitar. She was not in a mood for any of those light unmeaning effusions which constitute the greater part of Neapolitan ballads and songs; effusions which are

merely the inspiration of the senses, and the image of gross enjoyment. In times of misfortune we feel a disgust for the display of epicurism. The Sicilian Muse is more serious and pensive than her thoughtless Neapolitan sister; she depicts the passions more deeply, and her images and her melody have often a character of Eastern melancholy,—the melancholy resulting from the fatigue of too vivid sensations and subsequent exhaustion. The approximation of dazzling beauty and loathsome decay, of spotless sunshine and terrific storms, of blooming nature and treacherous death concealed under roses; all these produce a sadness which the moral part of the scene is not calculated to dispel. The extremes of wealth and poverty, of towering power and weakness groaning under oppression, man trampling over man,—these are the painful features of the back-ground.

After a prelude, Donna Leonora struck on a minor key, and sung the plaintive lays of the Sicilian fisherman, who, seated on a rock overhanging the waves which have worn out its base, and while fruitlessly stretching his fishing-rod, was complaining of the sad reverse of his fortunes, and of the complete shipwreck of all his little fond hopes here below:—

THE SONG OF THE SICILIAN FISHERMAN.

"I am in this world, and I know not how; forlorn and forsaken by all, no one remembers my name, no one thinks any longer of me.

"What boots it that this world be spacious and magnificent, when my only estate is this cliff, shaken by the winds and waves.

"Thou, O cliff, art my home; thou, O fishing-rod, feedest me; I have no other prospects, you are my only friends.

"Here the dawn finds me, here the night dew meets me still; here, as if rooted to this rock, I am like a soul condemned to do penance for eternity.

"Sometimes I fancy that the halcyon listens in a compassionate mood to my complaints, and that it lingers hovering about the foaming surge.

"A lizard, my harmless neighbour, peeps its head out of a fissure in the rock, and gazes at me wistfully, as if really it wished to address me.

"In the silence of night, the caves below resound with hollow moans, and the voice of the deep is only interrupted by the plaintive lays of the distant nightingale.

"I, meanwhile, grope about in the dark air, the stars my only lamp; I look up and gaze at them one by one, seeking for my tyrannical planet.

"And when I perceive one with its dark-red light, one that looks more dubious and ominous than the rest, I then fancy it the star which presided at my birth.

"Ah! my father foretold it all; and he shook with alarm, for I was born during an eclipse, and the owl's dismal notes announced my birth.

"If ever I saw a shade of good, it was only a greater tyranny of fate, that my next sufferings should be more keenly felt.

" My father left me a smart boat, and nets in abundance; then I had plenty of friends, who called me by the name of brother.

" When I returned from fishing, half the village came around me; then my Cloris looked always joyful, and could not detach herself from my side.

" If my boat was a few moments later than usual in reaching the shore, I could see Cloris perched upon the cliff farthest off at sea, as if holding converse with the winds, entreating them for my safety, and invoking in my aid all the gods of the deep.

" But when, alas! my treacherous destiny changed, in an instant I found myself deprived of my boat, of my nets, of my mistress, and of my friends.

" When I think on that fatal night, I still groan, and shed tears of agony; a cold sweat damps my shivering limbs.—A pitiless storm sunk my boat at night, and left me bare and helpless on the shore.

" All was changed in an instant; misery surrounds me; and the most brilliant day seems to me now a profound night.

> " Canciau tutto in un istanti,
> La miseria mi circunna;
> E lo jornu chiù brillanti
> Pari a mia notti profunna."*

Such was the last stanza of Donna Leonora's song. Its notes found a responsive echo in the breast of every one present. No attempt was made to renew the conversation. De Bree's guests took their leave one after the other, wishing,

although doubtingly, that they might meet again on that day twelvemonth, under better auspices. Vain wishes! That was the last anniversary of De Bree's birth which he spent on this earth.

Next day it was announced through Naples, that the King and royal family had embarked on board the English fleet, which sailed for Palermo two days after. The Neapolitans were left to spend their Christmas with what cheer they might. Trivial circumstances, such as the recurrence of dates and epochs, make a strong impression over the imaginations of these people. Christmas is with them a time of universal rejoicing. From the prince to the lazzarone, they look to that day as devoted to feasting; and the poorest among them contrive to put together all the little money they can, even by selling their scanty furniture, in order to supply themselves with the usual luxuries of the season.

On that year, however, (1798,) Christmas-day passed mournfully over the Neapolitans. Soon after closed a year for them of distressing agitation and alarm, to make room for one of unparalleled calamities.

CHAPTER VI.

The state of Naples, in the beginning of 1799, was the most singular that a country could be placed in. The King and court had left the capital precipitately for Palermo. Sicily, that hitherto neglected island, became then the asylum of royalty, the refuge of a Bourbon; and it had to pay for the errors of a weak and guilty administration. Yet Sicily remained true, and then, as in the second emigration, that of 1806, which lasted ten years, it was Sicily, and Sicily alone, that stood by its king in the time of danger, that supported the weight as well as the splendour of the crown, while Naples followed the turn of the tide.

To Ferdinand, accustomed as he was to a state of passiveness in the government of his kingdom, the emigration from Naples to Sicily had nothing very distressing in it; it was only leaving one royal palace for another,—exchanging one sporting-ground with another perhaps better stocked,—

giving up Portici for I Colli. Palermo was a beautiful city, fit for any sovereign to live in; and its Flora and Marina were quite equal, if not superior, to the Villa Reale and Chiaja of Naples, except perhaps in panoramic scenery, about which Ferdinand of Naples cared but little.

The queen, however, was not so resigned. Proud, like all the daughters of Austria, she felt her pride humbled, and she became exasperated against the very persons who were, perhaps, least guilty. Her imbecile or treacherous courtiers,—those who had excited her fears and suspicions against a population sound and loyal to the core,—those who had magnified trifles, and had represented as grim conspirators a knot of silly young men that had no power to do harm, if even they had willed it; an arrogant minister, above all, who proved himself not only selfish and ungrateful, but incapable; a foreign general, who, placed at the head of the Neapolitan armies, had led them with a fool-hardy precipitation to Rome, and a few days after retrograded as precipitately towards Naples, followed in the chase by thousands of formidable enemies—these were the real enemies of Caroline of Naples and of her royal consort, and not the Neapolitan nation, which, in mass, was trusty and affectionate to its sovereign. But the Queen had always

despised that nation, and, what was worse, had expressed her dislike,—an offence, which must, at last, have produced hatred in return.

Ferdinand, in going to Sicily, left a Vicar-general to command during his absence, a post by no means enviable under such circumstances. The times were ominous, the political horizon dark and stormy; it would have required a pilot of an extraordinary skill to manage the vessel of the state, but there was yet a possibility of saving the kingdom. The French army was not very numerous: their left columns had met with considerable checks from the mountaineers of Abruzzo; the peasantry of the rest of the provinces were loyal; Capua, the key of Naples, held out; the populace of the capital hated the invaders; and even the republicans mistrusted the French. Under these circumstances, giving a proper direction to the loyalists, and employing conciliation towards the disaffected,—with a rallying-point in the centre of the kingdom, pointed out to the dispersed troops, dispersed through the incapacity of the generals more than from faintness of heart; and with a levy-en-masse of the country people, having Calabria and Sicily in the rear, the first as a ready supply of sturdy partisans, the latter as a useful auxiliary, while the English allies scoured the seas;—with all

these resources employed opportunely, the situation of the French might have been rendered very critical. The country behind them, both in the Neapolitan and the Roman states, was in open insurrection, and their communications with the north of Italy in danger. In the north of Italy itself, their brethren in arms were threatened by a new attack from the united armies of Austria and Russia, which, three months after, defeated them, and drove them at last fairly out of the peninsula. The French army of Naples would therefore, if opposed with some show of regular resistance, and if awed by a display of an organized force in its neighbourhood, have been satisfied with a convention on reasonable terms; time would have been gained, and the kingdom probably saved from all the horrors of a double revolution and a double conquest. Yet nothing of this was done; confusion prevailed; the court had left no plan; it had taken away all the money and bullion, to the amount, it has been stated, of twenty millions of ducats, one-fourth of which sum, well employed, would have enabled the Neapolitan Government effectually to resist the French. The Vicar-General disagreed with the citta or municipality, upon punctillios of jurisdiction, while he exposed his Government to a useless humili-

ation, by subscribing to terms the most onerous; he gave up Capua, and promised to pay ten millions of livres, merely to obtain a truce of two months, the conditions of which, between a French army in sight of the capital, and an enraged population within, it was impossible to keep even for that short space of time.

The convention was signed on the 10th of January. On the 11th Capua was occupied. On the 12th, the treaty was made known at Naples, where the French commissioners repaired to receive the promised contribution. The lazzaroni, followed by all the populace of that vast capital, began to ferment. They spread themselves about the streets, and assembled at the Mercato, and in the principal streets of Old Naples, the scene of many a former tumultuous assembly of a similar description;—and there, dissatisfied with the court for abandoning them, and yet feeling still that singular sympathy for their King which has continued to exist in those gross but unsophisticated minds, through repeated and unexampled vicissitudes, to the day of that Monarch's death; they cursed the vicar, cursed the municipality, denounced vengeance against Mack, whom they called an impostor and a traitor, the foreign creature of a foreign Queen, and of a foreign minister; and swearing vengeance against

traitors, and against foreigners, they ran to the castles, shouting "The holy faith for ever! and long live the Neapolitan people!" The guards at the castles were weak, uncertain how to act; having no instructions, much less for such an unexpected emergency. The lazzaroni penetrated within the castles, garrisoned them, ran to the arsenals, and supplied themselves at their pleasure with arms, the distribution and assortment of which had, in many instances, a most ludicrous effect. The long lances and halberds of the middle ages, the old Spanish arquebuses, and the modern English muskets, the crooked Albanian sabre, the heavy two-edged sword, trombones and pistols, daggers and half-pikes, all were put in requisition by the populace. These fellows penetrated into recesses which had remained hallowed from the gaze of the public, since the times of the Anjou and the Arragonese monarchs; and the simple, almost childish, rioters, were astounded at the sight of weapons of attack and defence, of which they did not understand the use. Some were for trying the ancient armour, the helmets and visors, which perhaps had once served a Caraccioli or a Sforza, a Pescara or a Gonsalvo, but they soon grew tired of the clumsy incumbrances, and wild with their momentary independence and power, rushed out again to

parade through the populous streets, from which they drove the affrighted peaceful citizens.

It is not well ascertained, for that epoch, fertile in barefaced crimes, is also full of dark mystery, from what party the instigators came, who worked the people up to that excess of frenzy, of which several of their innocent countrymen, many of their enemies, and they themselves at last, were, soon after, the victims. The apologists of the Revolution have said, that the agents of the court instigated the lazzaroni; that such were the orders of the Queen, who wished to take a signal vengeance over what she thought the refractory portion of the Neapolitans, which she had been persuaded included all those above the condition of a common notary, and that the Vicario had received her order to arm the populace. Others, and with some show of plausibility from the succeeding facts, have contended, that the Neapolitan republicans, fearing that some accommodation might take place between the Vicario and the French, through the bait of money, or the fears of the invaders, incited the populace to acts which would preclude all hopes of an amicable arrangement. It is almost proved, that there were some such instigators, but it is likely also that there was no preconcerted plan; anarchy,—complete, horrid anarchy,—was the order

of the day; all social restraint was at an end, and every one was at liberty to follow the bent of his evil passions. The most violent of both parties rushed into the arena—miscreants, animated by the love of plunder; enthusiasts, flaming with zeal for their religion, or rather for their forms of worship which they knew the French sneered at; ambitious demagogues, hoping to obtain something in the midst of general disorder; and monks and inferior priests, who blessed the motley army of the mob. The citta or municipality, a sort of elective oligarchy, was composed of seven members, six patricians and one plebeian, which represented, or was considered to represent, the nation, since the Spanish viceroys had abolished the national parliaments. This body, being an old institution, might have preserved a salutary influence over an ignorant people, attached to long-venerated customs and names; but they were frightened, and divided in opinion as to the plan which to be followed, and this at a time when every minute was precious; they felt their incapacity, and, despairing of the safety of the state, discontinued their sittings. The Viceroy, seeing the hurricane coming, followed the example of his King, and embarked for Palermo; and thus Naples, a city of nearly half a million of inhabitants, found itself (an instance unparalleled in modern

history) literally without any constituted authority, and this in the hour of the greatest danger, with an incensed and victorious enemy at the gates, and an armed and furious populace within—no regular troops,—in short, with nothing to prevent licence, violence, and carnage.

The genius of havoc and misrule, which had obtained a full sway over the destinies of that ill-fated country, afforded a sight to the Neapolitans which was an appropriate prelude to the horrors that were to follow. The greater part of the Neapolitan fleet, consisting of several ships of the line, frigates, gun-boats, and other inferior vessels, which had been built under the present reign, at an expense enormous for a kingdom of the second order, was, in the hurry of the King's flight, left in the bay without men, and without the necessary equipment, and was therefore in danger of falling into the hands of the French. The order was given for setting fire to them,—an order which seems unjustifiable, as part at least of the vessels might have been manned sufficiently or towed, so as to reach Sicily. However, destruction seemed to be the prevailing spirit; some Portuguese men-of-war then in the bay were intrusted with the execution, and this fine Neapolitan squadron was seen in flames in the middle of a clear evening; in a few hours,

the value of millions taken from the people, was consumed under their eyes. All Naples looked on in consternation. "There go our fine vessels. there gu the fruit of our labours, of our hard-gathered contributions! And what for? because we have been ruled till now by fools and knaves!"

It was a splendid, and, at the same time, an appallng scene, to see the majestic seventy-fours blaze during the long night in the offing of the bay, and when they had been consumed to the water-edge, to behold all agai dark and mournful. From the house of De Bree, situated on the brow of the hill of Sant' Elmo, the family saw the lurid splendour, nd Anselmo often afterwards used to speak of the effect it had upon his boyish fancy. While the fire lasted, an extraordinary stillness prevailed through the city. The people, the nobles, and the lazzaroni—the royalists, and the republicans, all looked on in the silence of repressed rage, until the last sparks flew up towards the sky, and left the expanse of the sea in all its natural darkness. Then maledictions loud and deep arose against the authors of so many misfortunes. Then, with imprecations against the Viceroy, the lazzaroni, who had been for a few days repressed by their self-chosen leaders, Moliterni and Roccaromana, two young noblemen of known

valour and of engaging address, exclaimed, they were betrayed by every one, and moved on in crowds, dragging some pieces of artillery with them on the road to Capua, to attack the French army!

And they completed their purpose; they attacked the French, and even with some effect. Among all the Italian brigands, as the French then called those who chose to defend their country, none showed so much determination as the Neapolitans, —those very Neapolitans whom superficial people have been pleased to tax with cowardice, as if there were in the world a nation of cowards! The half-naked, badly-armed, unorganized lazzaroni, pushed onto the very palisades of the fortress of Capua; killed many of the enemy, though they lost still more of their own men; and then, like all armed mobs, astonished at and intoxicated with their own resolution, and thinking they had effectually intimidated the French, and deterred them from attacking the capital, they hurried back again to take vengeance, as they said, against the jacobins they had left within. On their return, they found the gates of Sant' Elmo, the principal castle, which, from the lofty hill on which it is built, commands the city and the harbour, shut against them. During their absence, Roccaromana and other young men of family, tired of the anarchy of their

country, had found means to entice the remaining lazzaroni out of the citadel, and to garrison it with patriots or republicans.

During the anarchy, which lasted eight days, all the ruffians of the capital, all the galley-slaves, were let loose, and the prisons emptied. These fellows, of course, were more eager for pillage than for fight. While the fanatical but high-spirited lazzaroni went boldly to attack the French, those wretches went on plundering the houses of many respectable individuals of the middling and of the upper classes. Several of the unfortunate inmates were murdered. The fate of the Duke della Torre was particularly distressing. This estimable and accomplished nobleman was accused, by some treacherous menial, of being a jacobin; the populace entered his palace, dragged him from his apartments, half killed him, and then ended his sufferings by throwing him into a fire that was lighted up in the street, and this in spite of all the supplications and entreaties of his wife. His brother, Cavaliere Filomarino, was taken to the fatal square of the Mercato and shot, with many others.

Numbers of people, who were not originally republicans, alarmed for their safety, now wished for the entrance of the French. The General of the latter, Championnet, was requested to take

possession of the capital; but, unwilling to expose his troops within a town in a state of complete insurrection, he first demanded possession of the castle of Sant' Elmo. A French column advanced through by-roads, and was admitted into the citadel; and, on the 21st, the tri-coloured flag, hoisted from the staff of Sant' Elmo, was the first thing that struck the eyes of the populace. The lion was at bay, but not yet disheartened. The lazzaroni barricaded the avenues of the city, and braved the French soldiers. The latter advanced both from the Capua road and from Sant' Elmo, and, for two days, the attack and the resistance continued. Meantime, several palaces in the heart of the city had been converted into temporary strong holds by the patriots, from the windows and terraces of which they hurled all sorts of missiles against the people. The latter endeavoured to set fire to the houses; but, in many cases, the massive walls of Neapolitan buildings, which seem constructed for eternity, opposed an effectual resistance to the flames. The whole city was a scene of uproar and confusion, pillage and massacre. Houses on fire, discharges of musquetry, the roar of the cannon, the cries of the combatants, the groans of the wounded,—this was the scene that Naples presented during those frightful days.

At last, after having been driven from street to street, from house to house, from district to district, by the French musquetry and bayonets, the lazzaroni, thinned and exhausted, slunk back, overcome but not humbled, cursing, growling, and accusing Heaven and their saints. They recoiled into their native fastnesses, the narrow lanes, the impervious caravanseras, and the dark alleys of Old Naples, and of the district of Mercato, the ancient strong hold of the lazzaroni population. The corps of Albanians or Camisciotti disputed the ground, inch by inch, as far as the castle del Carmine.

The French entered Naples on the 23d. All the respectable inhabitants felt happy at their arrival. Order was re-established, and this was every thing to people who had been for a whole week in a state of dreadful suspense between life and death, at the mercy of an inflamed and misled populace, the willing dupes of a thousand fierce passions, and of many a concealed villain.

During all this crisis, Mr. De Bree had remained quietly in his own house, which, being in the outskirts of the town, far from the district of the lazzaroni, and near the castle of Sant' Elmo, was left unmolested. An invalid for some months previous to this epoch of horrors, uncertain what to hope, indeed uncertain what to wish

for himself and his friends, seeing danger on every side, instructed by the fatal experience of the French Revolution, De Bree was far from partaking of the extravagant hopes of the Neapolitan patriots at the advance of the French arms. He saw farther, he thought more coolly, than most of them. A man of his character finds himself in a most awkward and unpleasant predicament in times of civil commotions. He cannot refuse to listen to the inward strong conviction of his own reason, which tells him that man cannot trust to man; that in the great events of social life, the inferior passions have much greater share than the noble ones; that there is no party immaculate, however pompous the names they give themselves; that, in short, public life is often stage-acting, which dazzles an audience, but is seen with derision and scorn by those who are behind the scenes.

While the anarchy or *popular* government, for such it might be called, lasted,—while the lazzaroni prowled about in quest of their victims, De Bree, as a foreigner, as a native of France, although long resident and naturalized in Italy, saw clearly the danger to which he was exposed. Every shout he heard might prove the signal of his destruction; he felt anxious, not so much for himself, for he was weary of life, but for his wife and child who were under the

same roof with him. His hour, however, had not yet come. The storm passed over his head, and he was spared. He had no enemies; he was hardly known in the neighbourhood where he lived; and he had been seldom seen out for months past, having been mostly confined to the house by illness.

The French, once masters of Naples, began by establishing a provisional Government, composed of the principal patriots, who were intrusted with the executive power, and, at the same time, with the care of preparing a constitution for the new republic. This Government was, of course, under the guardianship of the conquerors; and partly from this circumstance, partly from the want of enlarged political ideas, it committed, in the course of a few months, many fatal errors, which accelerated the fall of the republic.

These rulers began by drawing a harsh and imprudent distinction between royalists and patriots; at the same time that they knew that the decided patriots, although possessed of education and activity, were but a small number. The great mass of the population were neither republicans nor royalists; they would have quietly submitted, as they did in most places at first, to the new Government, if it had secured them greater advantages than the former. At Naples, strictly speak-

ing, there had been no revolution, or, at most, a passive one; the King's Government had abandoned it, and the French had entered. It would, therefore, have been proper to try to persuade the people of this, so that men of different opinions, considering themselves as left to their own discretion, should have drawn together to give the best regulations to their country. Instead of which, the excessive patriots pointedly denounced as enemies to their country, not only those who were known to be partisans of the late despotism, but also all those who had served the King; as if it were a crime in those men to have earned their subsistence under the established form of Government under which they were born. Several of the most sincere and disinterested patriots were not employed because they were too moderate. The disbanded officers and soldiers of the King's army were in want of bread; they had been forsaken by their generals, and left by the Sovereign to their own means: many of them had behaved personally well, and, if properly directed, they would have served the new Government faithfully; but, instead of being offered to enlist, they were told, in a proclamation from the minister at war, that "whoever had served the tyrant, had nothing to expect from the Republic." This was making so many enemies of them and of their

families. The barons were ordered to dismiss their *armigeri*, or feudal militia, which they kept on their estates; these men would have formed an excellent gendarmerie for the provinces: but they were not employed, and, rather than starve, they went to swell the ranks of the insurgents.

The French, who wished to keep the new Republic in leading-strings, as they did the Cisalpine and other Republics in the north of Italy, insisted upon disarming the people. Meantime their storekeepers, who were not acquainted with the country, sold again the arms indiscriminately to all those who obtained a warrant from the local authorities, and most of the insurgents supplied themselves through this means.

General Championnet had imposed upon the city of Naples an extraordinary contribution of two millions and a half of ducats, to be paid in two months time, and fifteen millions for the provinces, at a longer period. The collection of this onerous tax, intrusted by the Government to political fanatics and mercenary men, was levied in a capricious manner; the families of the patriots were exempted, and the burden was made to fall upon the supposed aristocrats. "*We tax opinion*," one of the collectors had the impudence to say to a woman, whose husband, an officer in the King's service, had lost every thing

by the change. What difference was there between this system and that of the late absolute Government? This was the question that people began to ask themselves.

There was not sufficient coin to pay the tax; plate and jewels were taken in lieu of it, and the receivers were, at the same time, the estimators of the value: it is easy to imagine what a field all this opened to private oppression.

A commissioner of the French directory, of the name of Faipoult, came soon after, and brought the decision of the cabinet of the Luxembourg, by which the State of Naples, styled a conquered country, was to give up to France all the crown property, including the royal palaces, the estates of the knightly orders of Malta and Constantiniano, the monasteries, the royal manufactories, the banks, and even the ruins of Pompeii! Championnet himself was indignant at this; he opposed Faipoult, and Championnet was recalled.

An oppressive system of espionnage and denunciation against individuals was encouraged. Agitators, who thought themselves patriots *par excellence*, endeavoured to promote their interest and show their zeal, by turning public accusers. The provisional Government, although not sharing their violence, did not repress these personal feuds as it ought. The agitators had the support

of the so-called patriotic assemblies, in which the most exaggerated principles of equality and fraternization, as they were styled, were inculcated. They affected to court the lower classes, by adopting their manners and their language; but the lower classes were not deceived by this. A multitude of idle persons, with which Naples always abounds, crowded to these assemblies, and thought themselves qualified, without study and without experience, to decide questions of political economy. The demagogues went to the most dangerous lengths in their speeches; the more dangerous as they were not, and could not be, supported by facts. They openly said, that the aristocrats, the priests, the bishops, all the rich classes, ought to be, not even equalized with the rest, but destroyed. They pretended, that no one of those who had served the late Government should be admissible to any employment under the Republic. Many of those who had served the King had, at the same time, served their country; many were men of the highest respectability;—a distinction ought to have been drawn between them and the parasites of power, or those who had abused their influence; but to denounce all those who had served the King, as incapable of serving their country, was monstrous both in morality and policy.

The consequence was, that all the persons till then influential were alarmed, and that they saw themselves out of the pale of the new system, —that a schism was made, and by the self-styled patriots themselves, between two parts of the nation; without considering that those they stigmatized as royalists, had at their beck the immense mass of the passive population.

The Government, it is true, did not adopt the extreme measures of the exalted patriots; but who assured the nation that the latter would not obtain the ascendency? And in the distant provinces the language of the clubs was mistaken for that of the Government.

It was in the provinces that the full effect of the imprudence of the patriots was felt. The people were obliged to pay the arrears of the taxes due to the King's Government, and at the same time the new contributions for the Republican Government and the French armies. The old municipal authorities were continued *pro tempore*, but a multitude of hot-headed individuals were sent from Naples, to inundate the country, under the new name of *democratizers*. Without any distinct warrant, without any specific instruction, these men,—chiefly youths, without a name, without character, without experience, but with certificates of patriotism, indiscriminately given by the

central Government, in their pockets,—went under the plea of promoting democratic ideas in their respective towns and districts. They gave themselves the airs of proconsuls; they wanted to alter customs, manners, and habits; they sneered at the simplicity of the provincials, boasted of French protection, were often at variance with the constituted authorities, denounced those whom they fancied to be disaffected,—in short, they spread dissension among the few principal families that in each country town give the tone to the rest of the population.

"There is no nation,"—thus expresses himself a Neapolitan, a patriot himself, but a man of sense, who was witness to all these abuses, and who afterwards, while an exile in a foreign land, recorded them in a work full of candour and depth of judgment:—"There is no nation, however wretched or corrupt, that has not customs which deserve to be kept; there is no Government, however despotic, which has not many elements and materials fit to be employed in a free constitution*."

* Vincenzo Cuoco, who died lately. From his very impartial historical essay, one of the best treatises ever written on revolutions, the substance of most of the details contained in this chapter is taken. Cuoco reasoned on facts, and therefore his reasonings are peculiarly instructive. He has not palliated the errors of the patriots, most of whom were his friends,

The republicans of Naples, following closely those of France, wanted to alter every thing, forms, habits, even names, and in a country where the people were remarkably attached to old forms and names; not, (and this is the common mistake,) not because those forms and names belonged to the despotic Government, but because they were the remnants of better times, of times previous to the encroachments of absolute power, when every province had its parliament, and its privileges.

A Frenchman, Bassal, was intrusted with the projected new division of the kingdom into departments. Bassal was not acquainted with the country; he did not examine its topographic surface, so strongly marked by the hand of Nature, —its natural division by lofty mountains, and rapid rivers; he did not look to the situation of the towns, and the population of the districts.

whilst others have contented themselves with denouncing the crimes of the royalists. Effects should not be separated from causes. Would to Heaven that many reformists had had the candour, the honesty, the knowledge of men, that Cuoco was possessed of. The justice of his remarks, besides being proved by events, I have heard admitted by those who were witnesses of the transactions of the time. I have thought the internal part of those transactions most interesting, because least noticed by cotemporaries, who attach themselves to the outward appearance of events.

He cut his departments on the map, and the result was that many departments were composed of populations foreign to each other, having no communication between one and the other part,— that the towns which ought to have been central were placed near the extremity, to the great inconvenience of those of the inhabitants whom business obliged to resort to them: the populations were often disproportioned, and the absurdity was carried so far as to fix for *chef lieus* of cantons, mountains, valleys, and insulated churches, because they had a name on the map. This absurd plan was never carried into execution, the ancient division into provinces, with all its faults, being far preferable.

Meantime that the patriots failed to conciliate those who were passive, they irritated their enemies by impotent insults. They used the names of Claudius and of Messalina in speaking of their former Sovereigns, who were still formidable, as they had Sicily in their power, and the possession of Sicily is always a considerable check upon the main land of Naples: they shocked the religious opinions of the people, by allowing their emissaries to insult and vilify not only the priests, but also the rites of worship, in a country where the Catholic church had been more unobtrusive and more harmless than in any other.

It is a vulgar error to attribute every wrong, every abuse, in a Catholic country, to religious fanaticism, and to the influence of the priests. This, at least, was by no means the case in Italy. With the exception of the Roman State, religion had ceased to have any marked influence in political affairs, long before the French invasion. The Italian clergy, both in the North and South of Italy, were without power. They were still wealthy in part, although both the Austrian Government in the north, and the Spanish Dynasty in the south, had made considerable reforms, suppressed a great number of convents, broken the shackles of the Court of Rome, and, in short, restored religion to its primitive spiritual office. In Naples, the people,—that people stigmatized as so very superstitious,—had openly opposed the establishment of the Inquisition, and they had carried their point. They even went so far as to establish a Court whose office it was to watch that the Inquisition should not creep into the country, which court was named, "A Tribunal to prevent the Introduction of the Holy Office." Surely such a people cannot be looked upon as blinded by superstition. The Neapolitans were attached to the forms of religion, because they afforded them consolation, because their solemnity imposed upon

the senses, because the beauty of their emblems affected the heart. There was a poetry in it which suited the temperament of the people. The convents were suppressed with too great precipitation, and thus little advantage was derived from the sale of the property. The suppression ought to have been gradual and considerate. A considerable portion of the Neapolitan clergy, especially of the parochial clergy, always the most exemplary, were not averse to the change of government, disgusted as they were with the weakness and profligacy of the old administration; they even in some places assembled their flocks in the churches, and offered public thanks to Heaven for the redemption of its people: the rest would have adopted the same course, had the new authorities pursued a prudent conduct. And yet, it was against such a clergy that the sneers and insults of many an imprudent patriot were directed; calling the religion they preached superstition and prejudice; insulting thereby the whole nation which had till then respected it; qualifying the whole mass of their countrymen as idiots; and placing themselves, the few patriots, high in their intellectual sphere above the rest. Offended self-love is not slow in deducing these consequences.

The preceding are some of the errors of the

Neapolitan patriots, during the five months the Republic lasted. But in speaking of patriots, we must observe that the most culpable were those who really did not deserve the name, being nothing but factious demagogues. Those who were in the capital at the head of affairs, failed through weakness, in consequence of the trammels in which the French held them; they failed through the poverty of the exchequer, and through the violence of their subalterns. These, added to the tremendous impulse of external causes, hastened the fall of the Republic. Many of the directing men at Naples were men of talent, and having the best intentions; a great number of the truest patriots remained in the capital ready to offer their assistance, which was never requested, and they, as well as the ignorant agitators, suffered by the same fate.

Notwithstanding all the errors of the patriots, still many towns in the provinces were attached to the new system; they had felt some benefits; they had taken possession of the reserved sporting grounds of the Crown; and they saw that there was some good to be derived from the new Government. The moderate law (and this was an instance of wise discretion in the Republican Government which ought to be noticed) which put an end to the power of *fidei commessi*, without

having a restrospective action, so as to leave property in the hands of the possessors, allotting to the junior branches a share of the property proportioned to their yearly income: this law pleased the people, for the Neapolitan provincials are not theoretical speculators in politics; they generally understand, and act according to their interest. But in other and more distant parts, the proclamations of the King, the influence of the Royalists, and the wants of a number of people out of employment, produced an open insurrection. In some provinces, the insurrection was nothing else than the continuation of the system of levy-en-masse, and of guerilla defence against the invasion of the French, to which the inhabitants had been encouraged by the late Government. Such was the case in the mountains of Abruzzi, where Proni, one of the armed retainers of the Marquis del Vasto, had assumed the command. In the mountains of Itri and Castel Forte, and at Sora, on the Roman frontiers, Frà Diavolo, a friar, and Mammone, a miller, had organized insurrections.

In the fertile province of Puglia, a few Corsican emigrants who had served against France, were the involuntary cause of another insurrection. On the advance of the French troops, they were seeking a passage to proceed to Sicily or Corfu.

While proceeding on foot towards Brindisi, they halted at a small village, where they either said, or were understood to have said, that one of them was the hereditary Prince, the King's eldest son. A farmer, the chief person in the village, immediately came to offer his homage, kneeling before the youngest of them, supposed to be the heir to the throne. The Corsicans, alarmed for the consequences, endeavoured to escape; but the rumour soon spread over the country. They were overtaken. Deputations from the clergy and the towns insisted upon his Royal Highness taking the command of a loyal population. It was useless to deny his rank; the involuntary impostor had no choice but of acting the part forced upon him. He retired soon after to the fort of Brindisi, and thence despatched his orders, sending two of his Corsican companions as generals into two different parts of Puglia. They put themselves at the head of all the policemen, the baronial militia, and a number of runaways; and thus the insurrection spread over Puglia.

A French division was sent to that important province: they acted as foreign invaders, pillaged and burnt cities, levying heavy contributions, which fell upon the peaceful inhabitants, rather than on the insurgents, who had little or no

property, and who contrived to escape as the French advanced; the latter made hardly any distinction between friends and enemies, and thus disgusted the whole population. The towns of Andria, Carbonara, and Trani, were destroyed: Bari and Conversano, and other places, which had defended themselves against the insurgents, were taxed by the French General, who came to their assistance, with as heavy a contribution as if they had been inimical. So that between the insurgents and the French, that beautiful but unfortunate province was completely drained. The French column defeated the insurgents wherever it met them; but as soon as it had passed, the insurgents returned, more determined and more furious than ever, and found those who had been ill-treated by the French ready to join them.

The distant, wild, and volcanic (both in a physical and in a moral sense) province of Calabria, was in a situation equally distracted. The French never penetrated it: its impervious mountains afforded an equal protection to the banditti and to the partisan. The proximity of Sicily gave the greatest facility to the emissaries of the Court, to keep alive the hopes of its partisans. Several towns declared themselves for the Republic, but

they found themselves in a state of war with the surrounding country; the population of Calabria was never revolutionized.

In this distracted state of the country, the Royalist cause wanted but one man to direct the scattered materials, and give them moral strength. This man was found in Cardinal Fabrizio Ruffo. He had emigrated to Palermo with the Court; and he now offered his services to the King, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, to raise a royalist army in Calabria. This offer was accepted, for it cost nothing, and it promised much. The Cardinal did more than he promised; he reconquered the Kingdom of Naples, in nearly as short a time as it had taken Ferdinand to lose it. He was, however, assisted in this by propitious circumstances, of which he knew how to avail himself.

Ruffo's character has been painted in opposite colours: some have represented him as a villain, others as a hero; he was neither the one nor the other. He was an enterprising, intelligent man, one who knew how to fit himself to circumstances, and withal, one of the most honourable and consistent among those of his party.

Fabrizio Ruffo was a Neapolitan by birth, born of a noble family; he early entered the ecclesiastical career, and was Treasurer, or Minister of Finances, at Rome, under Pope Pius VI.

He was not very successful in the duties of the Cabinet, as his temper, naturally ardent, made him averse to assiduity of labour; he was, on the contrary, fond of hunting and of society. When raised afterwards to the dignity of a Cardinal, he, upon some disagreement with the Pope's relatives, left Rome on a sudden, and repaired to Naples, where his partiality for the exercises of the field ingratiated him with King Ferdinand, who shielded him from the resentment of the offended Braschi. Since that epoch Ruffo remained attached to the person of the Monarch, and followed him to Sicily on the advance of the French.

Ruffo, as a cardinal, as a nobleman, as the King's friend, must have been averse to a Revolution which tended to annihilate all the advantages of his station: besides which, Ruffo was also a man of penetration, and he saw the revolutionary party destitute of capacity as well as of means. He boldly took the part which befitted him best and which promised most; his interest as well as his sentiments, and what he considered his duties, were all on the same side. In his military capacity, he showed himself an able partisan; as a diplomatist, he failed, because he was not sufficiently Machiavelian. He was more fit for the field than for the cabinet. For a moment he re-

minded Europe of the times of Ximenes and of Alberoni: but he had neither the disinterestedness nor the sincere fanaticism of the former; and he was superior in spirit, but inferior in application and experience, to the latter. He was placed in a much more contracted sphere than either, and he derived no lasting advantage from his exertions.

Ruffo set off, in February, from Palermo, proceeded to Messina, and there, with only twelve men, he crossed the narrow straits, to attempt the conquest of a kingdom. He landed near Reggio, and hovered some time about in the neighbourhood where his relatives had their estates. This circumstance, and his rising reputation, soon gave him many followers; all the restless characters, with which Calabria has always abounded, flocked to his standard, the white flag and the image of the Virgin. Many criminals from the presidj of Sicily were also forwarded to him. With such materials he marched on, encouraging, directing, and, what was more difficult, restraining, under a sort of discipline, this multitude of wild, daring, and dangerous characters. Like all men who wish to effect any great enterprise among an ignorant population, Ruffo had recourse to the arts which he knew had an influence over those gross minds. Pius VI., Braschi, was then a prisoner in France, and was prematurely

reported to have died. Cardinal Ruffo is said to have announced himself to the Calabrians as the newly-elected Pope, at the same time that a fugitive Corsican was acting in Puglia the part of the hereditary Prince of Naples. It was a time of strange enterprise, when daring minds who faltered at nothing were almost sure to gain the day. However, the good archbishop of Naples, Zurlo, took in earnest what Ruffo meant as a mystification of the simple Calabrians; and he, partly from political, partly from religious zeal, excommunicated the Cardinal, who smiled at the simplicity of his brother dignitary, but felt himself obliged to give up his pretensions to the Papal throne, and content himself with being the Vicar-General of the King of Naples.

Dressed in a half-clerical, half-military costume, he rode at the head of his bands, which swelled as he advanced on through the long line of country which is known by the name of the two Calabrias. His first essay was against Monteleone, a considerable town of Calabria Ultra, which was defended by the patriots: he took it, and proceeded against Catanzaro, the capital of the province. Having taken that also, he entered Calabria Citra; and, having now assembled about ten thousand men, he assailed Cosenza, a city known for its republican spirit, or, as it was then

called, jacobinism. Cosenza contained a considerable number of patriots, but dissension and treachery were among them, and the city soon fell into the hands of the royalists. Rossano and Paola were taken in the same manner; Paola was burnt by the conqueror, incensed at its obstinate defence.

Cardinal Ruffo was now master of all the vast provinces of Calabria. He was sure of success, especially in consequence of the news he had from the north of Italy, where the French were now obliged to defend their ground against the allied armies of Austria and Russia. He foresaw the speedy recal of the French who were at Naples; therefore, instead of proceeding direct to the capital, where he would have met the united strength of the French and patriots, Ruffo thought it better to turn round and subdue the provinces, so as to cut off all supplies and communications from the metropolis. Leaving the Mediterranean side of the kingdom, he turned to the right by the province of Basilicata, keeping on the eastern side of the Apennines, towards the plains of Puglia, with the object of uniting himself to the insurrection already organized in that wealthy and important region. The town of Altamura opposed his progress; its inhabitants

were determined republicans, such as there were many scattered about the population of the provinces. Ruffo besieged the town; the ammunition of the besieged was soon exhausted, the inhabitants substituting for it all sorts of iron and metal they could find, pebbles, and even coin. Ruffo offered them repeatedly terms of capitulation, but they refused to listen to them. At last, the town was taken by storm, and the enraged royalists made a dreadful carnage of the unfortunate inhabitants, and pillaged and destroyed the town.

Ruffo was not sanguinary by character. He repeatedly exhibited proofs of moderation; he was jealous of his word once given, as he showed afterwards at Naples; in short, he had feelings of honour. But having once undertaken the hard task of directing the operations of an insurrectionary army, he was no longer a free agent, and he was obliged to overlook what it would have been madness in him to attempt to oppose. In all civil wars, cruelties are practised on both sides, and it is a most difficult question to define which has given the first provocation. Most of the men who followed Ruffo were animated with the hope of booty; they plundered the few provincial towns which resisted them, and lived at discretion in the others. But the great prospect to them was the

plunder of the overgrown capital, of wealthy Naples, the population of which they considered as rank jacobins, and therefore a fair prey.

It is astonishing how little communication there was at that time, between the capital and the provincial populations. A journey from Calabria, or from the Adriatic provinces, to Naples, was an event in the life of a man; and nothing but serious business, superfluous wealth, or a most adventurous turn of mind, could decide a man to such an undertaking. This was, of course, the more rare in the lower classes. The Calabrians therefore considered the Neapolitans of the capital as strangers, who had for ages ruled and oppressed them; and who of late had taken upon themselves to change the Government, and had broken their oaths to their King, so at least the Calabrians were told; who had moreover renounced their religion; they were therefore little better than fiends,whom it was lawful, nay meritorious, to despoil of their ill-gotten wealth, and to exterminate, perhaps, if required. With similar sentiments, a mass of forty to fifty thousand men was advancing day after day, scouring the provinces, driving the few patriots before them, or besieging them in their strong holds, and drawing a blockading line closer and closer round the ill-fated metropolis.

Other chiefs had risen in the various provinces, Pronj in Abruzzi, Mammone at Sora, Fra Diavolo at Itri, Sciarpa in the province of Salerno, and other inferior ones; Roccaromana himself took now the same side. The English had landed at Procida and Castellamare in sight of Naples, and Russian troops from Corfu, with Micheroux, an old royalist officer, had disembarked at Manfredonia on the eastern coast; in short, the whole kingdom, from the Roman frontiers to the Straits of Messina, was in a state of complete and triumphant insurrection. Meantime, the French, defeated in the north of Italy by the Austro-Russians, had recalled their countrymen of the army of Naples; General Macdonald retraced his steps from that devoted country, leaving it to the mercy of the flames which the French had lighted. He left behind him a garrison at Capua, and another detachment in the castle of Sant' Elmo, while he, with the body of his army, was obliged to fight his way out of the kingdom. The Neapolitan patriots, abandoned to their fate, were surrounded and blockaded in their own capital.

The final catastrophe was now approaching with rapid strides. The Republican Government of Naples meantime seemed to be in that state of fascination in which some birds are said to be

kept by the eyes of the rattle-snake. They had, since the retreat of the French, given the most evident proofs of incapacity and confusion. The ablest officer they had, Ettore Carafa, who was still holding out in Puglia, they ordered away, to shut himself up in the distant fortress of Pescara. Small detachments, of a few hundred men each, were sent in different directions, and they were all beaten, though they generally fought with bravery. Within the city, the ministers of the Republic seemed to be intent on deceiving not only the people, but even themselves, as to the real state of affairs. The numerous bands of insurgents were pouring on every road from all the points of the compass towards the capital, as towards a common centre. Bold chiefs were at their head. Ruffo had his head-quarters at Nola, Micheroux, with the Russian auxilliaries, at Cardinale, Aversa was in the power of the insurgents, the sea in the power of the Anglo-Sicilians; and thus a vast and open city with an immense population, great part of which was known to be disaffected, was exposed on every side, and in danger of wanting the first necessaries of life, even bread and water;—and yet the minister at war said there was no danger, and that there was nothing to fear but a few brigands who would not dare to attack the capital! A brave partisan of the name of Schipani still held

out at Torre dell' Annunziata, protected by the gun-boats; Ruffo not heeding to force him from his position between the sea and Vesuvius, turned round the mountain, beat back at Marigliano a small column of two hundred and fifty patriots, and, advancing by the high road of Puglia, marched direct upon Portici, cutting off thus the communication between Schipani and Naples. The brave Schipani, and his column, fought their way back as far as Portici, where, finding themselves hemmed in on all sides, and being told that Naples was taken, the men began to waver; some cried *Viva il Ré*, and the whole surrendered to Ruffo.

If, instead of sending fractions of their small army in various directions to useless destruction, the Republicans had formed encampments on the hills which surround the city, then protected by the castles and by their flotilla, they might have made a very different resistance, and secured terms with the enemy. But by their irregular and ill-directed measures, they showed to the chiefs of the insurgents the state of distraction and weakness into which they had fallen, and the royalists held them in consequence proportionably cheap.

On the 13th of June, the last action between Ruffo and the Republicans was fought at the

bridge of La Maddalena, at the very entrance of Naples, and there the patriots displayed a now useless valour. Ruffo expected to take the city on that day, and the royalists within attempted to second him; but that time they were thwarted, and several of them put to death. This only enraged the rest still more. The lazzaroni were looking on in gloomy silence, and with a ferocious smile, seeing the time approach in which they would have full revenge of their enemies, who had foiled them in the month of January before, and destroyed so many of their brethren. Those who are acquainted with the force of the passions in the south, among people who felt no check to them, as the few principles either religious or social which they had, tended on this occasion to countenance those very passions, by representing their enemies as outlaws, enemies equally to God as to man;—those who are aware that in these countries the gratification of revenge was proverbially called a refined pleasure, and that in these volcanic temperaments grown up in wild luxuriance under a burning clime, a monstrous connexion often exists between the passions; those will understand all the terrors which the silence and grim satisfaction of the populace portended, while they were contemplating and

numbering their victims before them, sure that they could not escape, hemmed in as they were by their friends from without. They prowled about, marking the devoted houses; they had intelligence among servants to know the hiding-places of their masters; in short, they took all the measures preparatory to the butchery.

After the action of the 13th, the members of the Government retired within the Castel Nuovo. On St. Anthony's day, the patron of the Calabrians, the hordes of insurgents become resistless, at last poured into the city. The Castle del Carmine was the first in their way; many patriots had shut themselves in it; but that Castle being perfectly untenable on the land side, it was scaled with great facility, and all within were massacred. This was but a prelude of the horrors which were to follow. The patriots had shut themselves within the castles; some less fortunate had retired to some of those massive buildings, either palaces or convents, with which Naples abounds, and there defended themselves but for a short time. Shells and other combustibles were thrown on them, and the city presented the appearance of being on fire in several places. The two castles, Dell' Uovo and Nuovo were besieged. Megeant, who commanded the

French garrison in Sant' Elmo, stood aloof, without attempting to give any assistance to the unfortunate Neapolitan patriots.

Now began the orgies of blood, the Bacchanalia of cruelty. The Calabrians and other provincial insurgents, joined to the lazzaroni and the rest of the populace, divided among themselves the spoils of the ill-fated city. All the Jacobins were considered as proper objects of persecution and plunder, and it may easily be supposed, that the ragged insurgents were not very discriminate in the examination of the loyalty of the citizens. The possession of wealth, or of a comfortable house, was mostly equivalent to a conviction of jacobinism; nay, the King's palace itself, and some churches and monasteries, seemed to have shared the same imputation, for they were plundered as closely as the houses of the rankest patriots. When Ferdinand afterwards landed at Naples, and saw the state in which they had left his own palace, and while the lazzaroni pressed on his passage, crying, "Long live the King! Death to the Jacobins!" he could not help turning suddenly upon them, and asking them, with a half-angry, half-humorous expression, "*Né, anch' io ero giacobino, che m' avite spogliata la casa!*"

But plunder was but a small part of the mischief done. The mob took upon itself the summary punishment of all supposed jacobins. Some were killed in their own houses; others were shot or stabbed in the streets without further question by the first insurgent that happened to meet them; others, and this was the purest specimen of justice in those times, were taken by the armed provincials before their chiefs, who had divided among themselves the various districts of Naples, and who held a sort of tribunal at their head-quarters. There the accused were dragged, the charges hurriedly stated, their papers and documents examined by any one present who could read, a few questions put, and a sign of the leader signified the sentence. If death, which was often the case, *al Ponte* was the word, to the bridge of La Maddalena, on the road to Calabria. The victim was dragged all that long way, among the hootings and the blows of the mob, and, if still alive on his arrival at the place of execution, was shot by the few regular Calabrians, who mounted a sort of guard at that place, where Ruffo the Vicar-General had taken up his head-quarters. This was justice, it was mercy, compared to the fate of those who fell into the hands of the mob. Their death was

more tormenting, their agonies more protracted. They were killed inch by inch. In the square before the palace, a fire was kept, in which several unfortunate Republicans were actually burnt alive, or half dead; and it will hardly be believed, but it is a fact of which there are witnesses, that some of the mob fed on their half-burnt limbs, and that accidental passengers were invited to partake of the horrible repast. Others were killed, and their bodies hung up in the public shambles. Women were not spared, and indecencies which are not be described were added to cruelty. Some had their ears cut off, and woe to the wretch who showed any sign of horror at these then common sights. A German merchant, who was obliged to go out, and had entered a coffee-house in Toledo to drink some lemonade, saw one of the Calabrians come in with a cockade in his hat, which he thought rather of a strange hue; the royalist cockade was red; when, on his coming near, he perceived it was a human ear fresh cut from some unfortunate jacobin.

A great number of individuals whom the leaders wished to save, (for some of these men, although plunderers, were not sanguinary,) but whom they were afraid of declaring innocent in presence of

the mob, were committed to prison for further examination, until some sort of court should be established to try them. They were heaped together to the number of many hundreds in the vast building called the Granili, formerly corn-warehouses. There, upon a scanty allowance, many perished of disease.

These horrors lasted for several weeks, during which there was no sort of government in that vast city. Every one was at liberty to do what he liked, until he was opposed and killed by some one stronger than himself. As for the Vicar-General, Ruffo, as soon as his bands entered Naples, his authority was at an end. He was horror-struck himself at what he saw, but he had no more power than a child to prevent it. Having endeavoured to oppose some of those atrocities, he was threatened with death by the lazzaroni; and, as his own Calabrians became insubordinate, he was even obliged to absent and conceal himself for a few days in the neighbour hood, and when he re-appeared, he was more a nominal than an actual chief. He has been reproached with having committed the enormous fault of admitting a multitude of forty or fifty thousand hungry wolves into a city like Naples. But once at the entrance of Naples, he could no

longer restrain the torrent. Perhaps he did not foresee the extent of the mischief that was to happen; at all events, he must either have not undertaken to head the insurrection, or he must have left it to take its own course. There was no middle way.

Meantime, the two Castles, Nuovo and Dell' Uovo, unfit for defence on the land side, capitulated at the end of June; and Ruffo, the Vicar-General, and Micheroux signed the capitulation in the name of the King their master. The issue of that capitulation,—the fate of the unfortunate patriots who were parties to it,—the manner in which the French Commander Megeant gave up those who had taken refuge with him,—the mission of the Sicilian Commissioner Speziale, who established a tribunal of blood at Procida,—the appointment of a junta by the King before he left the Bay of Naples to return to Palermo,—the moderation of that junta, and the naming of another of which the sanguinary Speziale was made president,—the executions of hundreds of unhappy victims, among which were the sons of the noblest families at Naples, men of science, men of letters, in short, the flower of the country,—the judicial cruelties which succeeded to the popular massacres, from July to December of

that year, until the final return of the King,—all these are foreign to the present tale.

The Neapolitan patriots were peculiarly unfortunate. Theirs was in general more an aberration of judgment than actual guilt; they did not revolt, but followed the course of the Revolution, and followed it perhaps too far. They were certainly superior in generosity of mind and purity of motives to the revolutionists of the other parts of Italy, and yet they were the worst treated of any.

CHAPTER VII.

SINCE the retreat of the French army from Naples, Mr. De Bree had fallen into a state of gloomy despondency. He had watched the ruinous progress of affairs; and although little transpired at Naples of what was passing all around, yet he perceived enough for him to ascertain that all was lost, and that the last act of the tragedy would soon open.

De Bree belonged to the national guard which was intrusted with the preservation of order in the town. This service was both the duty and the interest of every honest man; and, therefore, De Bree, when requested, did not allege, as he might, any plea of bad health, especially as the duty revolved but seldom. Besides this, and assisting once or twice at a club, from mere curiosity to hear the rhapsodies of the would-be legislators, De Bree had taken no part in the transactions of the Republican administration.

He however knew, that if the insurgents en-

tered Naples, the same scenes that had occurred in January would be reacted. When Ruffo's bands came in, he saw the danger approach, but abstained from communicating his remarks to his wife. A week had now elapsed, and, as nothing had happened to De Bree, he began to hope he would be spared also this time. The site of his house was retired, remote from the populous and busy districts. That neighbourhood had been till now little molested; the plunderers had not yet reached it in their career of devastation; people spoke also with praise of a Calabrian Commandant who lodged in a convent lower down the hill, and who kept his men in tolerably good order.

But the nobleman to whom the palace belonged of which De Bree occupied a wing, had the reputation of being a jacobin: he was then absent from Naples, but the *piano nobile*, or best floor, was taken care of by some of his attendants. One day the Calabrians and lazzaroni came, burst open the doors, and began plundering the Prince's apartments of its costly furniture. They broke and destroyed whatever they could not carry away. Superb mirrors, beautiful marble tables, gilt armoires and book-cases, and ponderous old-fashioned arm-chairs, were hurled to the ground with a tremendous crash. The yells of the

plunderers, mixed with the rattling of the fragments, were distinctly heard by De Bree and his family, notwithstanding the massive walls that separated their part of the house from the main body. De Bree and his wife stood in fearful expectation of the insurgents' visit being extended to them. However, the latter went away, after having reduced the splendid suite of apartments of the Duke to a state of ruin and desolation.

That evening, the last Donna Leonora and her husband spent together, De Bree appeared remarkably dejected. His wife was sitting by him, and looking wistfully at the varying expression of his countenance. They sat by an open balcony, which had a full view of the beautiful bay, now enveloped in darkness, except where now and then a streak, reflected from the moon peeping through the clouds, shone like silver. They heard at a distance the savage shouts, and the random shots, of the insurgents.

" My De Bree," said Leonora, " I am sorry to see you so very sad to-night."

" Leonora, I feel like a man in a storm, when the skies and the sea seem to close together, and envelop the vessel in utter darkness never to be dissipated for him. I am sick, heartily sick of this world; I should not regret being near my end, but for you and my children."

"De Bree, why should you talk thus? The times are certainly bad, yet I don't see why you should be particularly alarmed to-day; it seems that the danger is gone by for the present."

"The destruction of us all is decreed: the Queen, that woman—she said herself that no one should remain alive in Naples above the condition of a common notary. She—but Heaven will reward her one day, and her end will be———"

"Hold, hold, my dear friend," exclaimed Leonora, "I abhor as much as you do the calamities that these detestable politics have brought on this unfortunate country; but, remember, all parties are to blame—remember that we must not believe all the reports of the Queen's enemies; that the very Queen whom you condemn so severely now, was, at one time, before repeated insults and provocations had soured her heart, the patroness of the unfortunate. Remember, she protected your wife; without her, I should perhaps have pined to death in a convent; we should never have been happy together. Nay, don't curse her, De Bree; she has had many trials! Remember her sister, the unfortunate Antoinette—you have seen her in France."

"You are right, Leonora: in these sad times, it is rash to judge of the actions of persons, and especially of persons in stations far different from

ours. I feel bewildered, and I really look upon the world as a vast charnel-house. I blame no one, I curse no one ; I only could wish, but for you and these, (pointing to his children,) I were quiet in my grave. I am heartily tired of all this ; I feel unequal to the task. I shall not resign my station, but I may be excused if I feel that lassitude which the sight of horrors, calamities, and crimes, must produce upon a man who has any susceptibility. We cannot change the world. I am perfectly aware that all our political speculations rest upon nothing; that success alone sanctions every thing; that what is right one day appears wrong the next; that, in short, men are poor blind creatures; and, that not satisfied with our bodily infirmities, we, in our weakness, contrive every means to destroy each other, merely to know how we best ought to live."

A ghastly smile played on De Bree's countenance while he said this; and Leonora, feeling the despondency was too deep in his heart to be removed, remained silent.

"My Leonora," resumed De Bree, "blessed as I have been with your love, I cannot but feel remorse in having taken you from your native Rome, from your tranquil mansion, from the protection of your noble relatives, to bring you here to be exposed to the insults of these cannibals."

"De Bree, it was not you who brought me here; I first came to this ill-fated country, sent by my friends, by those who ought to have protected me; I suffered a great deal here, and you, you alone have partly reconciled me to this residence. Neither you nor I could then foresee this horrid catastrophe."

"Had you remained at Rome, you would have married a person of your own rank, and you would not have been exposed to these dangers."

"De Bree, I am an Italian, and I feel like one. I should never have boasted of my feelings to you, but this seems the hour in which every sentiment of our hearts should be communicated. However we Italian women be ill appreciated by our countrymen, however calumniated by foreigners, there is one merit which cannot be denied to us, that of devotedness to the object of our love. For this we are ready to sacrifice our all. Be it frailty, or be it virtue, we feel the impulse stronger than all reasoning. In our case, De Bree, Providence has allowed me to sanctify my sentiments, to conciliate my affections with my conscience; since then, I have thanked that Providence every day, nay, every hour of my life. Whatever troubles Heaven will send now upon mè, I shall not forget my gratitude, and shall only pray, that you, you, may be spared!"

Next morning the sun rose with uncommon brilliancy, the contrast between the calm splendour of nature and the destructive deeds of men was strongly marked, and De Bree noticed it. The city below appeared, however, a little more calm. The firing had ceased; only an occasional shot was heard between the advanced posts of the Calabrians and the French picquets round the Castle of Sant' Elmo, on which the tri-coloured flag still waved in bold defiance.

Hark! a shot was fired close to the Palace, as if from some person in ambush in the adjacent gardens. Next moment, a volley of shots rattled against the walls and windows of the wing of the house which was occupied by De Bree, and which looked towards Sant' Elmo. One of the shots broke a pane of glass of the sitting-room window, near which Donna Leonora was sitting, and grazed the forehead of the younger child, a babe some months old, who was lying on a carpet on the floor. Donna Leonora uttered a piercing scream, ran to the child, snatched it up, looked at it, examined it all over; the infant smiled. "Oh! my child, my child!" she cried, "O God! save my child!" and she stood encircling it in her arms, as if to screen it from the murderers. Another shot came whistling from the same direction, and lodged in the window-frame. De Bree, who happened to be in the

next room, came in on hearing his wife scream, and, seeing the cause of it, took her by the arm, and dragged her into the next room, which had the windows on the other side, and therefore not exposed. Donna Leonora was shivering with terror: she laid her child on a couch, and embraced her husband. She looked wistfully in his eyes; he endeavoured to re-assure her, but was not equal to the task; he felt himself that deadly chill in his veins which accompanies the extinction of all hope.

"Let us pray together, my Leonora," said he; "at this moment the difference between our creeds disappears; we supplicate the same God, and we will use the same words. I will pray with thee, my Leonora; let us kneel together." And they recited prayers out of an Italian prayer-book.

A noise, like the half-stifled shout and rush of a crowd, was heard in the court below. Donna Leonora started up; next moment, the trampling of feet resounded on the stair-case, followed by a violent knocking at the massive door.

Donna Leonora, motioning her husband not to stir, rushed to the ante-room.

"Who is there?" she asked, seeing the servant stand mute and paralyzed with terror.

"*In nome di sua maesta,*" was the reply; and

at that moment, the butt-ends of ten firelocks made the door shake on its hinges.

"Wait a moment," cried Donna Leonora, as she undrew the bolts. Between forty and fifty armed men rushed into the hall, and spread themselves all over the house in an instant. They broke open, with axes and the butt ends of muskets, the drawers and chests, and would not even wait for the keys which Donna Leonora was seeking for them. They entered the bed-rooms, and ripped open the beds, and used the ticks as sacks to put the plunder in. Linen, jewellery, plate, silk, all these were soon packed. Books they strewed on the ground; china and glass they broke to pieces. Some went to the kitchen and the pantry, drank the wine out of the bottles, and then smashed them against the floor. They searched into every corner of the house. No satisfaction was given to Donna Leonora's questions, Why they were treated in this manner? And when De Bree said he insisted upon knowing what he was accused of, one of the villains struck him a blow on the head with the flat of a heavy sword, which stunned him for a moment. They then tied his hands behind him, and gave him in charge to two of their comrades.

Whilst the work of plunder and destruction went on in all the apartments, Donna Leonora

was endeavouring to obtain some sort of attention from the savages, in favour of her husband. She hardly minded the pillage of her property. She saw the ruffians break open her drawers, boxes, escrutoire,—she saw them take out dress after dress, trinket after trinket, divide her jewels, examine their value, as if bargaining for them in a shop, at a fair price. But Donna Leonora hardly minded this; she thought of her husband, of her children, and she wished to make interest with some one of the band in their favour, to ensure them at least a more humane treatment.

With the quickness of perception, so acute in women, she looked round at the different countenances, she scanned them all one after the other, but found little encouragement in them. In most the prevalent expression was that of greediness, and carelessness about the miseries of others; some, though few, had the looks of downright cruelty and ferociousness; she despised the former, and shrunk from the latter: the remainder seemed dull passive agents of the rest, mere machines, contented with whatever little they could glean after the plunder of their more determined comrades. There was one, a sort of officer, at least such as they were found among the insurgents, who seemed made of more manageable elements. Whether he had helped him-

self to something of value from the beginning and was satisfied with his share of the plunder, Donna Leonora did not know; but she remarked that he appeared careless about the distribution that was going on of her property, and if he ever interfered among the disputants, it was merely as a sort of arbitrator, to stop contention. He was sauntering up and down the apartment, looking with an air of curiosity at several articles of furniture or ornament with which he was unacquainted, taking up some books, which he put down again, seeing they were written in foreign languages; and at last, she saw him take her guitar and sit himself comfortably on a sofa, attempting to tune it, with the satisfied look of an amateur. His countenance had an air of *bonhommie*, mixed with an expression of humour, which contrasted most strangely with the fierce looks, and fiercer deeds, and with the obstreperous violence, of all around him.

"This must be a singular character," thought Donna Leonora, "I must address him:" and putting on a look of entreaty, she begged of the Signor Uffiziale to see that her husband were not bound so tight with ropes, nor ill-treated.

"He has been ill," she said, "he is still very weak,—besides, he could never dream of escaping, indeed he does not wish it; he has got his regular

papers, he is a good subject of his Majesty, and he only wishes to be led before your commanding officer to justify himself. The Cardinal Vicar-General (she said, boldly,) would free him in an instant,—I know him very well."

The officer started, he turned awkwardly round, stared at Donna Leonora; then, as if recollecting himself,—"*Signora mia*," he stammered, "all that I can do, but"——

"*Oh Signor Uffiziale*," she interrupted him, with an inclination of the head, "surely a word from you is enough. Exert your *authority* over your people, in favour of an innocent man,—do it for my sake,—for a woman's sake, who will ever after feel grateful to you."

The officer was moved: the appeal to his *authority* had the more effect upon him, as the extent and duration of that authority, in an insurgent band, were extremely uncertain and precarious, and the soft tones of a lady's voice, rendered more expressive by entreaty, completely conquered him. He went up to where De Bree was standing with his hands tied behind him with ropes, and he pushed back the fellows who were crowding around, taunting him, insulting him, and even striking him: "*Nè*, my masters," said he, assuming all the importance he could, "the will of our King is that the accused should be tried, and

not murdered, nor ill-treated, before they are tried. This prisoner we will take before our Commandant; he will probably send him before the Cardinal Vicario, and you know, His Most Eminent Excellency, if he finds him innocent, will ask him and me how he has been treated, and I shall have to answer for all this. Now cut off those ropes,—why you have almost severed his wrists! Watch him, but let him sit down until we are ready to march away."

Two or three Sicilian or Calabrian soldiers obeyed the officer; but the Lazzaroni, and other *canaille*, who formed the most numerous, though the least effective part of the band, stood grumbling at the officer, who, raising his cane, said,— "If you utter another word, you *mariuoli*, I will have you all turned out, and sent back to the Mercato; you have no business here, this is not your district."

This threat had its effect: the fear of losing all their chance of plunder, and they already knew that the Calabrians and other provincials felt very sore at their sharing it, made them recoil; they left the prisoner, and went about seeing if any thing remained worth taking.

De Bree was in a state of stupor. "A little wine," said Donna Leonora: and the officer went

into the kitchen, and returned with some wine in a broken bottle; the glasses had all been destroyed: however, a cup was found, and De Bree once more moistened his lips with some of his own wine. At this moment the boy Anselmo came in, led by a possé of insurgents, who had burst open the door of his apartment, and enjoined him to show them where the plate was. Anselmo had led them a sort of wild-goose chase,—first to the kitchen, then to the pantry, and at last, after going round the house, they now came into the galleria, or drawing-room.

Anselmo, as soon as he saw his father tied up like a criminal, burst out crying.

"Anselmo," said De Bree, taking his hand, "don't cry, take courage, I know you love me, and I now forgive all your little faults. Be satisfied, all will be well, and we shall all be happy again."

Anselmo shook his head. Meantime Donna Leonora was following the officer who was endeavouring to restore some sort of order, and to prevent any further wanton destruction in the house. As he passed before the guitar, however, he felt its attraction renewed, and taking it up, with an air of droll simplicity, "I am madly fond of music, Madam," said he to Donna

Leonora, but I cannot play, except some miserable arpeggio; do now treat me with a sonata, an arietta, or any thing you like."

Donna Leonora could not help smiling at such a timely request.

"I really could not think of such a thing at such a moment, but let us clear this business; let my husband be free, and then come, Signor Uffiziale, any evening you like, and we shall be happy to entertain you as well as we can; I shall muster all my little musical knowledge for that time."

"Now, fall in," said the officer, raising his voice, "in order of march—fall in two by two, and those who have not the honour of serving Sua Maestà, let them leave the house instantly."

This had a double effect. All those who had the least claim at being mustered fell in, and those who could not, and who were of course the worst and the most riotous of the troop, skulked away.

The procession was soon formed. A few men, armed with rusty swords, opened the march; then came the prisoner De Bree, in the midst of a platoon of Calabrians, armed with firelocks and bayonets; then the officer himself and Donna Leonora, who would not listen a moment to his entreaties to stay quietly at home waiting for

the event; then the two children, Anselmo between two gigantic lazzaroni, who had hold of each hand, and the younger child in the arms of a servant. The rabble followed without order. The door was shut, and the officer gave the key to Donna Leonora, and left one man to guard the entrance until the return of the owners.

As the procession came out in the yard, the foremost men turned to the right through the garden-gate, and led the way, through gardens and fields, in the straight direction of the Convent of Monte Santo, where the head-quarters of the district then were. They had to pass over hedges, to leap over ditches, to tread upon the cabbage gardens and plantations of the inhabitants of that neighbourhood, but to all this the insurgents were accustomed. With an utter contempt for any distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, they went on, cutting their way through, like a regular troop of pioneers. But there was one person in the train less accustomed to these expeditious routes. This was Donna Leonora, whose shoes and stockings were torn by the thorns and briars of the hedges, and whose feet began to bleed before she had reached the end of the fields, and entered the paved way again. The gallant officer, however, supported her with his arm, saying to her, by way of consolation, " Did not I tell you,

Signora, that this was not an expedition for one like you, but you would come;" and he looked as if he pitied her sincerely.

At last, after a painful march, they arrived at the Convent of Monte Santo. The street was full of insurgents, swearing, drinking, quarrelling, or strutting about in all the consequence of the moment. Arms were piled against the walls, several shops had been broken into, and these had become store-houses of plundered objects; the wide entrances of other houses had been turned into stables for the horses.

Under the arched vestibule of the Convent, the massive gates of which were thrown wide open, sat Pane di Grana, a Calabrian chief of some consequence. This man, it was said, had been a *bandito* for several years, and had infested the high roads of Calabria, where he had, of course, shared a proportion of the misdemeanors of people in his condition. He had plundered, and probably shot the unfortunate travellers whenever he met with resistance, but only, as he considered, in fair action; for the rest he was not sanguinary nor cruel. He was a middle-aged man, rather short, strongly and squarely built, inclined to corpulence, of a dark complexion, and with a plain countryman-like countenance, the expression of which had nothing repulsive. On the present

occasion, he was dressed in a short green jacket of velveteen, a red sash and leathern belt, holding a dagger and a pair of large pistols; he wore high riding boots, and a low slouched hat, with a red cockade on one side, and a tin image of the Virgin in front stuck in the hat-band. He was seated on a long wooden bench, resting his back against the smoky walls of the building; some firelocks, in better order than those the insurgents generally carried, were piled against the wall opposite, and a tattered soiled white flag furled near them. These were the head-quarters and tribunal of the chief. His men were quartered in the Convent, refectory, and dormitory. A few straggling monks, of the Carmelite order, scared away first by the French unbelievers, and little better treated now by the defenders of the faith, had taken refuge in some obscure recess of the vast building, and left the rest at the disposal of the champions of King and church, who sometimes plundered both the one and the other by mistake.

Donna Leonora, as the procession approached the Convent, rushed past the head of the column, entered the vestibule, and, in the agony of supplication, bent her knee before the Calabrian chief, begging the life of her husband. Anselmo came in at the same time by a different road; his

guides, consulting their own convenience, had taken him round through the town, in which perambulation he had been followed by many of the blackguard boys of the neighbourhood, who, without knowing any thing of him, seemed to enjoy his distress, probably envying him his decent clothes, and considering him as an enemy, because he was the son of a gentleman. They saluted his ears with the prediction that *a palla in fronte*,—a shot through his head,—would soon put an end to his sufferings.

Pane di Grana was moved at the sight of Donna Leonora kneeling before him. He rose immediately, and taking her hand with as much politeness as one might have expected from a man bred up in the saloons of the capital, led her to the only seat there was, a share of his own bench, on his right side. Meantime, *Calmatevi, Signora*, he said, *fatevi animo;* and then, seeing Anselmo, who stood before him, the picture of grief, dismay, and astonishment, he patted him on the cheek, and made him stand on his left, "*Non aggi, timore, quaglione*,—do not fear, child."

Hardly had the chief uttered these words, when De Bree stood before him. Pane di Grana asked him a few questions, his name, country, profession, how long he had been at Naples, &c.,

to which De Bree answered briefly and consistently. Had he held any employment under the self-called Republican Government?

Here one of the band who had escorted him, and whom De Bree recognised as a servant he had formerly discharged for dishonesty, cried out, "He belonged to the national Guards, and was doing duty at the Largo del Castello, when the royalist Baccher was put to death by the Jacobins."

Pane di Grana looked significantly at the accuser, "*And who art thou?*" Then turned his inquiring looks to the prisoner.

"He was my servant at one time, and I discharged him for larceny," said De Bree.

"That is enough," said the Calabrian; "away from hence, Mariuolo; thou must not remain among the honourable soldiers of His Majesty; away, or I'll give thee such a mazziata (drubbing)." And he was raising his stick as if to execute his threat.

De Bree took this favourable moment to beg the Commandant to look at his pocket-book. Donna Leonora took it out of his pocket, and presented it to Pane di Grana.

Reading was not the forte of the chief. However, he could distinguish the arms of the King, and the signature of the Minister to sundry do-

cuments, such as passports, permits of residence, and such like, of a very late date, just previous to the departure of the Court for Sicily; some testified His Majesty's approbation of De Bree's character and conduct, excepting him from the general order to all Frenchmen to depart. These Donna Leonora read, insisting on the said passages, and Pane di Grana gave repeated signs of approbation.

Another trial remained,—that of his hair, whether it was real or false. The reader will, perhaps, not understand the connexion between the soundness of a man's chevelure and that of his political opinions, but such connexion there has been, since the French Republicans took it into their heads to crop their hair, in sign of the independence of their sentiments, and, as they denominated it, after old Brutus' fashion. This style of cropping the hair reached, in due course, distant Naples; where, on account of the warmth of the climate, it was in many cases a beneficial improvement, and it became a distinctive mark of the patriots, while the old aristocrats continued to wear tough natural queues, hanging on their shoulders. On the arrival of Ruffo, many a poor wight put on false hair and a false queue, to pass for a royalist; and the sagacious insurgents examined therefore the queues of all suspected per-

sons. Many a man was saved through the length of his hair; but several poor fellows were shot, and others sent to prison, because, in pulling their queues, these happened to remain in the hands of the loyal examiners. The experiment was now tried on De Bree. That unfortunate man allowed his hair to grow behind, and had it tied up in a small queue. One of the Calabrians took hold of it, and gave it two or three hearty pulls, that threatened to root out even the real hair of the patient, and effect on him a partial operation of scalping. De Bree's queue however resisted, and this was a strong argument in his favour. Pane di Grana, who evidently wished to save his prisoner, now took advantage of a moment's silence: "Friends," said he, addressing himself to the motley crew before him, "I see no evidence of this man being a jacobin."

"But he is a Frenchman, a heretic; he must not be let at large to conspire against us," said several voices.

"He lives in the palace of a rank jacobin, the Prince of M., and there has been a nest of jacobins in that house; even this morning, they fired upon us from the windows."

"He has been once before exiled from Naples, under pain of death as a jacobin," said another, holding up a printed paper.

Pane di Grana started at this last accusation. He took up the paper, and gave it to one of his officers to read, and there it was stated, that De Bree (namely, his cousin Reinier,) was exiled by the King's order as a disaffected person.

"But that's his cousin," exclaimed Donna Leonora, "who has been away these five or six years. See the Christian name is not the same."

Pane di Grana felt awkwardly situated. Had he been left to his own judgment, he would probably have released the prisoner immediately; but he had to contend with the prejudices of many persons less discriminating than himself. In times like those, there was enough in De Bree's case to render a person at least suspected. He thought of sending him to Cardinal Ruffo, the Commander-in-Chief, having no doubt the Cardinal would order that which he did not feel himself powerful enough to do.

"Take him to the Ponte under an escort, and report him to His Eminence the Vicar-General of His Majesty."

Donna Leonora saw it was no use to press the chief any further; she felt that in the hands of Ruffo her husband would be comparatively safe. She had herself known the Cardinal in better times, at Rome, in the noble circle in which her own mother presided; she recollected him, then a pre-

late, as an amiable man; she was determined, in a case of life and death like this, to put aside all squeamishness, all paltry considerations of the world's opinion—to tell the Cardinal her name, and claim De Bree as her husband, the father of her children.

But, in the hurry of the moment, Donna Leonora forgot, that from Monte Santo to the bridge of La Maddalena, there was a distance of nearly three miles—that the road lay through the most abominable district of Naples, that of Mercato, at this time the very focus of the lazzaroni insurrection—and that the danger to De Bree was not at the Ponte, but before he arrived there.

She courtesied to the Calabrian chief, who, rising, whispered to her, "Lady, I could do no more, you see," shrugging up his shoulders, and then parted from her with "*Dio vi esaudisca,*" feeling relieved from all responsibility in the case. The escort moved on, and Donna Leonora and the children with it.

They descended towards the street of Toledo, and met parties of the insurgents returning with the spoils, and dragging along poor prisoners, men, women, and children. Their way lay through the long street of *I Librari*, and then through many a narrow lane towards the Castle Del Carmine. The heat of the day, the noise,

the anxiety, and the fatigue of a long and painful march, made Donna Leonora faint. In arriving at the Square del Mercato, she saw a solitary *calesse* (a sort of gig) standing there. A thought struck her to drive to the Cardinal's head-quarters, so as to predispose him in De Bree's favour. She was free, and De Bree was moving on in the midst of his guards, surrounded by a crowd of people, always swelling in number. She made a sign to De Bree, as they would not let her approach close to him; he understood her, and assented. She then stepped into the calesse, which was so shaped, according to the old fashion, that it could only hold one, and telling the servant to come to the Ponte with the children, she told the driver to make haste.

"Where am I to drive, Signora?"

Donna Leonora did not hear him, but repeated, "Make haste, my good man, make haste, in the name of all the saints of heaven."

"*Povera Signora, é stonata*, she is out of her wits," said the driver, looking compassionately at her. "*Ne, bella Signora mea*,—Where are we to go?"

"*Al Ponte, al Ponte*, and make haste to save a man's life."

"With all my heart, Signora," and he started

his small but swift horse; the animal flew along the Marina.

"Poor Signora!" the man went on repeating, as he looked behind him, "that's her husband those villains are dragging along. But the Cardinal is a just man. Truly the work that's going on is too bad, it is a sin against Heaven and the Saints." And he went on, whipping his horse, and muttering to himself, until they came before Ruffo's door.

The Cardinal occupied a house in a range of low buildings, facing the road, close to the bridge, and having an extensive space of ground before it. Donna Leonora alighted, and rushed up stairs, not minding the sentinel at the door, who, not caring to lay hands on a woman, cried out to the orderly corporal in the ante-room above. Donna Leonora met the man on the landing-place.

"I must speak to his Eminence immediately."

"His Eminence is busy just now, Signora."

"Tell him my name—the Duchess of ——,"

The man went in, and the Cardinal appeared immediately at the inner door.

Ruffo recollected the name out of the catalogue of the Neapolitan nobility, although he did not immediately remember the person who bore it

as being the daughter of one of his old acquaintances at Rome, in times far different. He, however, with the habitual politeness of a well-bred man, requested the lady to walk in. Seeing her agitation, he begged her to be seated.

"Oh! no, your Eminence, I cannot sit down; there is now a person, dearer to me than life, in danger of being murdered, Oh, save him, save him!"

Ruffo looked surprised at her wild expression. Donna Leonora saw he did not recollect her.

"Oh! you knew me since I was a child; many a time you have been amused with my chat, when you used to come to the conversazione of my blessed mother at D——."

"What!" said the Cardinal, "are you Donna Leonora? But yes, I recollect now; you married the Duke ——. I thought your husband was dead."

"Yes, yes, but I have married again since. I have married a foreigner; his name is De Bree, and they are now dragging him to the Ponte, and they will murder him, if you don't prevent it. Do, for Heaven's sake, send some of your men, my good Lord Cardinal, lose no time."

Ruffo hesitated an instant, then recollecting himself, "Where is he now, Madam?"

"I left him at the Mercato, surrounded by a villanous mob."

The Cardinal shook his head. "Colella!" he called out loudly, and the orderly corporal appeared at the door. "Take two of your best men, and go towards the Mercato. They are bringing along a prisoner, a foreigner, of the name of De Bree; take him under your charge, and bring him safe. Say, it is the Vicar-General's order."

The corporal knitted his brows, "Eminenza, if the lazzari will not give him up?"

"Then fire upon the villains, and do your duty," answered Ruffo sternly.

"That's enough," said the Calabrian, and in a moment he was seen running with two men, armed with good firelocks and bayonets fixed, on the road towards the Mercato.

Ruffo then begged Donna Leonora to calm herself, and delicately abstained from any further questions. He called a servant to bring her a glass of lemonade. Meantime he paced the room with long strides. Shortly after firing was heard in the direction the corporal had gone.

"These are my fellows' rifles—I know the report," said Ruffo.

He looked out of the window, and saw a crowd of people just coming in sight from the Marinella,

and two of his regular Calabrians, whom he knew by their yellow uniforms, struggling in front of them.

"I am afraid," muttered Ruffo, "it was too late."

"What!" said Donna Leonora, starting from a trance into which she had fallen, "what has happened? tell me the worst."

"Nothing, Madam, nothing; be calm," and the next moment Colella rushed almost breathless into the room.

"We have been too late, Eminenza, we could only bring back his corpse; Pasqualozzo and I have carried it into the room below."

This was said by the Calabrian in a tone of regret for having not executed his orders, but as a matter of common occurrence, and before Ruffo could stop him.

Donna Leonora heard only one-half of the sentence. With a lengthened faint scream, she fell senseless on the ground.

"See what you have done!" said Ruffo angrily to the corporal. "Help to raise the lady; holla!" and he called a female servant, to take Donna Leonora into an adjacent apartment, and lay her on a couch, and endeavour to revive her. He went himself to see his orders executed.

He soon re-appeared in his sitting-room.

" Colella," said the Cardinal, " you ought to have saved him."

" How could we, your Eminence? the rascally Lazzari were too quick for us. They killed him before we could get near him. I never saw such *carneficina*. Santo Diavulu! these are not men, they are wolves. I have been a fuoruscito for many years, in the mountains of Basilicata, and have seen many a deed of blood; but our brave fellows had some *animo grande*,—they attacked armed men, they killed spies, campieri, and uscieri, but they did not murder a harmless prisoner, after they had plundered him. But these dastardly Neapolitans . . . . and yet we Calabrese have got the bad name. . . . But here comes our poor Leonzio"—looking out of the window.

" What of him?" said the Cardinal, who returning from the adjoining apartment, where he had stepped in to inquire how the Duchess was, and having seen she began to give symptoms of reviving, now re-entered the room, evidently under the influence of strong emotions.

" Nothing, my Lord, only he was shot through the groin by some one of those Lazzari dogs."

Leonzio was one of the two militia-men who went with Colella to save De Bree; he was a favourite of the Cardinal, who had him often as his orderly.

Ruffo looked out of the window, and saw him borne in by two men.

" This is too much," said Ruffo, " we shall not be safe ourselves by and by, I ween."

" I wish, my Lord Cardinal," said Colella, " we were out of this infamous Naples, and in the open country again; that is the place for us Calabrians. We have cleared the kingdom of the French and the jacobins, whilst these Lazzari were as quiet as mice in their holes; and as soon as we have scared the cats away, behold the wretches will have all the plunder to themselves, will do what they like, and shoot us in return. But this business will now be soon over, and then woe to the Neapolitan whose unlucky star leads him on the road to Calabria, beyond Lago Scuro."

Ruffo was accustomed to these effusions of his Calabrian followers, and he did not care to check them. These rude fellows must be indulged in their talk: if you humour them a little, and appear to share their feelings, they will go into the lion's mouth to save you. The truth is, that among the insurgent army which came to Naples at that epoch, the real Calabrians were the bravest, and at the same time the most humane. Sanguinary against their enemies, there was in their revenge a mistaken feeling of stern justice: they had an

object in view,—the extirpation of the jacobins; but there was regularity in their plan: they generally took their prisoners before their leaders, to undergo a trial, or be sent to prison. It was the lower classes, the refuse of Naples and of the neighbourhood, who seemed to take delight in indiscriminate bloodshed.

Ruffo was pacing his apartment to and fro, with hasty steps, and wrapped up in gloomy thoughts. The Calabrian corporal, Colella, was standing by the door, holding the muzzle of his rifle with one hand, and with the other carelessly leaning against the wall. There they were, general and subaltern, in the same expedition, which had changed the face of a kingdom; the former, till now all-powerful, the representative of his King, who professed himself indebted to him for his crown,—the accomplished, high-born aristocrat, the favourite of princes and high dames, the church-dignitary, the bold and successful leader, aspiring to the highest offices of the State, one of those men, in short, that make an epoch in the history of their country; the other, a poor, low-born mountaineer, forced by oppression to become an outlaw, and now a royalist soldier, and a defender of the faith, from necessity and starvation; simple, ignorant, and plain-spoken, having no expectations, no honours in view, save that of being

shot in the defence of a cause for which he was paid two carlins a day. Yet to look at them both as they stood at that moment, the Cardinal, the General, the Viceroy, seemed by far the more miserable of the two. The Calabrian stood erect, his dark features flushed with indignation ; yet he felt confident in his own spirit and strength, looking up unabashed at his general, ready to obey, but ready also to address him familiarly as he had just done, careless of his life, careless of his fate, satisfied with a brown loaf and a cannata of wine, and proud of his yellow uniform and green foraging cap ; he and his rifle were friends indissoluble, and as long as he could wield the latter, he did not care for the rest ; he was, in short, a happy, bold fellow. The Cardinal, on the contrary, care-worn, his eyes sunk, his otherwise handsome features distorted by anxiety, watching, and fatigue ; although still in the vigour of mature age, wrinkles had made havoc in his countenance ; careless about the pageant of authority that still surrounded him, and now that his full success had quelled the fever of excitement, seeing in a dubious light the character of his undertaking, and feeling the various constructions that envy, malignity, nay, even strict justice might put upon it. He had served his King, he had reconquered a Kingdom,—but he had for this de-

stroyed towns, caused the death and ruin of thousands of families, and he had now opened upon his native city, his own beautiful Naples, the flood-gates of carnage and desolation. It was of no avail to say his will had no share in all those horrors, that he did not foresee the extent of them, that he deplored and checked them as far as he could; people would couple his name with the remembrance of all the atrocities committed by his ungovernable followers; he would be called a chief of brigands, and his memory, perhaps, be execrated. This was the severest cut of all, for Ruffo had the vanity of hoping to shine in history. But now the die was cast, the past was irreclaimable, the present must be looked into, and the future provided against. He himself stood in danger from the lawless ruffians; while his enemies, the wily courtiers, and Acton, were perhaps poisoning the ears of his Sovereign. He had just signed the capitulation with the patriots in the Castles; he had full powers so to do, yet his heart misgave him; he knew the rancour of Caroline; he knew, above all, the cunning of Acton, whom he disliked, because he had more influence than himself at Court, and who must hate him too, he felt, because Ruffo had been successful in the service of his Sovereign,—a more than sufficient reason for the hatred of a thorough courtier.

A loud scream, from the adjoining room, interrupted the course of Ruffo's painful meditations. With that quickness which was peculiarly his, he was in an instant recalled from distant and mazy thoughts, back to the realities of the moment, and he felt,—for Ruffo was possessed of many an amiable feeling,—that he had a duty of humanity to perform towards an unfortunate family, of whose distress he was the primary though indirect cause.

"Colella," said he, with a waive of the hand, "see that the body of the poor foreigner be taken care of, and prepared for decent interment."

The Calabrian bowed assent, but sulkily as if half offended. Ruffo guessed immediately what passed within his thoughts: "And Leonzio," said he, "see that Leonzio be attended to; let him want nothing that my household can afford."

Some one from outside of the half-opened door whispered something in the ears of the corporal.

"Leonzio, your Eminence, wants nothing more, in this world," said Colella, "but your Eminence's blessing in articulo mortis."

"He shall have it, as far as I am able to collect myself, in these troubled times." And opening his Breviary, the Cardinal pronounced the words of the benediction, with a tone of peculiar fervour. The sight of misery and death had recalled to his mind more forcibly the thoughts of

religion, which had waned in the midst of the cares of ambition. He felt a trepidation in thinking of the awful ministry with which he was intrusted, and which he had long since lost sight of in the vortex of worldly affairs; and while he prayed for Leonzio, he felt humbled, and unworthy of approaching the throne of mercy.

Colella, the rude unsophisticated Calabrian, felt also the sympathy of religious thoughts; he doffed his cap, repeated Amen, and went down to impart to his dying comrade the assurance of his having had the benediction of the Cardinal.

As he came down stairs he met his other comrade, Pasquale, who had just returned from the Mercato. He held by the hand a boy,—it was Anselmo; behind the soldier was De Bree's servant, with the other child in her arms.

"Who are these, Pasqualozzo? thou art bringing a whole nursery here. The Cardinal has already enough to do, with a fainting lady up stairs. If things go this way, the head-quarters will be changed into a *reclusorio*." (The name for the great hospital and workhouse of Naples.)

"Don't be angry, Colella; these are the children of the poor foreigner. I met them among the mob; they seemed *stonati*, they did not know which way to go; a butcher-looking rascal was flourishing his knife before the face of this

boy; I pushed the villain back, and took hold of the child."

"Yes, and for that you might have been sent to keep poor Leonzio company."

"What could I do, Colella; we are Calabrians, we fight against soldiers and jacobins, but not against children. I have myself a boy of the same age, and I was thinking of him when I met this poor scared innocent. Besides, he is a Christian; he crossed himself, and I made him say his Ave-Maria."

"Well, you are a good-hearted fellow," said the corporal; "go up to the Cardinal—there is a lady with him; she will give you something for taking care of the children; if I am not mistaken, she knows more about them than you or I do. I must go into poor Leonzio."

Thus saying, he went into a sort of guard-room on one side of the passage leading to the street. Leonzio was stretched on a truss of straw on the ground. He was a young man, hardly twenty, with a handsome countenance, though now pale with death, the son of a farmer in the neighbourhood of Reggio. His life had been tranquil and guiltless, till the Cardinal, landing from Sicily, hoisted the white cross "for the defence of the King and religion, and to drive away the foreigners who were enemies to both." Le-

onzio, at these words, felt elated with enthusiasm; he presented himself to Ruffo, who ever after kept him near his person among his chosen band. Leonzio had no evil motives to reproach himself with; he was persuaded he was following the right cause; and when he witnessed scenes of cruelty committed by his comrades, he lamented them, thinking them inseparable from a state of war. Now he felt himself near his end, he was resigned and calm; his conscience did not reproach him.

"Be of good cheer, brother," said Colella, bending over him, "the Cardinal sends you his blessing. Now kiss our good lady of the holy Rosary," holding to his lips an *abitino* with the image of the Virgin, "and may St. Anthony assist thee in this trying point."

The corporal saying this, felt his eyes dimmed; he turned hastily on one side, and brushed off with the sleeve of his coat the troublesome moisture.

Leonzio saw the motion and was affected. "Colella, give me your hand. You have been a good comrade to me, and a kind superior; I thank you. You know my mother; she lives at Vico Rosso, on the road to Scilla, near the masseria of the Prince; when you see her again, give her my rosary, with the silver medal of Loreto that she

gave me on parting, and the few dollars you will find in my scarf, and tell her, I have plundered no one of them. They are my savings from what the goodness of His Eminence has given me."

" Yes, yes, Leonzio," said Colella, hastily, " I will see the good woman, I will,—I will tell her all," and here he turned his head, and walked on one side for a moment. The fact is, Colella felt much attached to Leonzio, even on account of the gentleness of the latter's character. To check his emotion, of which his rugged heart felt ashamed, Colella strove to raise his anger, and soon succeeded.

" Leonzio," said he, with a fixed determination, " I shall, if St. Anthony grants me life, have my will of these beggarly lazzari; some one of them shall pay for this before I return to Calabria, or my name is not Colella. I wish I could see again the fellow who fired at thee. I marked him though, but he disappeared in the crowd."

" Brother," said Leonzio, in a slow, half-articulate voice, " brother, forgive him, forgive them all for my sake, for our Lady's sake. There has been blood enough. Oh! I wish I could have saved the life of that poor foreign Signore. I was near him when they cut him down. They say he was an heretic. But the English are

also heretics, yet they are friends to our King. Oh! Colella, I feel I am dying. *Regina Sanctissimi Rosarii, ora pro me.*"

"*Advocata nostra, ora pro eo,*" ejaculated Colella, as he knelt down by the side of the dying Calabrian, and he went on through the litany, and Leonzio murmured indistinctively, "*Ora pro me,*" till his lips could move no longer; his eyes became fixed and glassy, a slight tremor came over his frame, and soon after subsided. Colella looked up, felt his pulse, touched his forehead, put his hand close to his mouth, then shook his head.

"Ah!" said the corporal, rising, "I loved him like a twin brother, I don't know why, but I loved him; he was my only friend; we have passed many a night in the open field, and shared the same blanket. Poor Leonzio! he was as kind-hearted as a lamb, and yet he stood the fire as well as if he had been ten years in the woods of Calabria. His last words were to forgive the lazzari who killed him. Yes! forgive them, as we say in our country: *Se moro ti perdono, se campo t' avvampo.* We from Catanzaro do not forgive so easily as the people of Reggio. Those Reggiani are people of the Marina, they are effeminate." (Turning round and seeing De Bree's body laid down on some straw in a corner.) "But,

Santo diavolone, I must not forget his Eminence's orders; I must look to have the foreigner ready for his last cold house." And he went to call some one of the household to assist him in undressing the body, washing away the blood from its wounds, and wraping it in some sort of sheeting previous to having it placed in the coffin.

CHAPTER VIII.

We must now leave, and it will be without regret, the murderous stage of Naples, in 1799, and remove to the comparatively peaceful ground of the city of Rome. There the consequences of the French reverses of that year had been felt later, and less violently, than at Naples. The new Roman Republic had fallen without a struggle, and the re-action was not accompanied, at least in the city, by popular excesses. The allied troops occupied the Roman States, and the former system of the Papal authorities was soon after re-established. Pius VI. having died in the mean time, a captive in France, the Conclave had assembled at Venice, and a new Pope was elected in March, 1800, in the person of the Bishop of Imola, Chiaramonti, who assumed the name of Pius VII. The new Pontiff was known for his mild and truly Christian virtues, among which, charity towards all mankind shone conspicuous. While Bishop of Imola, in the most difficult

times, during the French invasion, and subsequent changes of government in those countries, he endeavoured to conciliate his spiritual duties with the obedience due to the civil powers, and he won the esteem of the French conquerors, and the respect even of the Italian republicans. In an homily he addressed to his flock, he showed himself friendly to enlightened principles, and he proved that the doctrines of the Gospel are not unfavourable to a system of moderate liberty, and to the just division of power.

The First Consul of France manifested an early partiality for the new pontiff; and, after the battle of Marengo, gave him the most positive assurances of his friendship, and that Rome and its territory would be respected by the French arms. The Pope therefore proceeded quietly to Rome, where he arrived in the month of July.

Although the war in the north of Italy between France and Austria was not yet terminated, Lower Italy began already, in the latter half of the year 1800, to enjoy some repose, after its unparalleled calamities. Ferdinand had returned to Naples, and a more moderate system succeeded the terrorism of the Junta. The people of Rome, tired of the vexations of the ephemeral Republican Government, returned with satisfaction under their old form of government, to which

they were accustomed, and after which their habits and ideas were fashioned. The cardinals and other dignitaries of the church were resuming their stations, the Roman nobility began to appear in something like their usual splendour, foreigners resorted again to that favourite city; the churches, the galleries, the Corso, the villas, were crowded again as before. Trade was reviving, the lower classes were employed, the poor received their accustomed pittance from monasteries, hospitals, and houses of charity, and Rome exhibited again its habitual appearance of quiet comfort.

About that time, the parish of G——, in the city of Rome, had for its rector, Don Lorenzo Demonti; a man about forty years of age, of a good portly figure, healthy look, and a dignified appearance. A benevolent heart, a temper somewhat irritable, sincere piety, and irreproachable morals,—these were the qualities of the good Parroco. His information consisted chiefly of those branches of knowledge connected with his profession, namely, scholastic and dogmatic theology; he was, moreover, a tolerable Latin scholar, and a good casuist, a science necessary to a confessor. With a sufficient knowledge of his own language, which he wrote clearly and spoke correctly, he had also a smattering of French, his family being originally from that

country. He had a slight acquaintance with profane history, and a deeper knowledge of ecclesiastical lore. His manner of officiating was devout without affectation; and when, on a Sunday, he turned round from the altar, in the midst of the ceremony of mass, to deliver a short sermon on the text of the Gospel for that day, it was impossible to behold his benevolent countenance, to listen to his plain but earnest language, delivered with a full-toned voice, and with a becoming dignity, without feeling sentiments of esteem and attachment towards the respectable ecclesiastic.

The parish of G——, is one of the second order in Rome. Its population was, at the time we are speaking of, somewhat less than two thousand souls. The census was made every year before Easter by the Rector himself, who went round to the different houses, and took the names of each individual in every family. The inhabitants were neither of the highest nor of the lowest classes of society. Occupying a remote district of the city near the banks of the Tiber, and far from the Corso and the other fashionable and courtly districts, the parish of G——, was inhabited chiefly by the lower ranks of the middling classes, such as inferior lawyers and attorneys' clerks, tradesmen, and mechanics. There were, however, a few

families living upon their income, one or two *mercanti di campagna*, or rich farmers, and also some noblemen, though of the inferior Roman aristocracy; one or two counts, a marchese, and even a duke of a recent nobility.

The Rector had not so much trouble with his flock as some of his brother clergymen in the more populous and plebeian districts of Rome; such as the famed ones, del Popolo, i Monti, Pescaria, and others, where disorderly and troublesome characters are but too common. There was, it is true, in his parish, a *vicolo* (lane) or two, inhabited by sbirri or Roman police, who now and then exhibited those scenes of depravity, riot, and even bloodshed, for which these guardians of the peace in the Papal states are famous.

The principal source of anxiety for the pastor of this otherwise peaceable parish, was in looking after the morality of his flock; for the Roman clergy are possessed of an authority of discipline, which, although leniently used in general, is still formidable enough when enforced. Open and scandalous irregularities, dereliction of children, blasphemy, neglect of divine service, and the voluntary omission of the sacrament at Easter, are offences punishable by the ecclesiastical power. The supreme head in these matters is the Cardinal Vicario, who is, properly speaking, the Bishop

of Rome, and under whose authority the Rectors of the various parishes are placed, to him they report, and he has officers to execute his orders, and summon the offenders before him. The first offence, if not very grave, is followed by an admonition; if repeated, by imprisonment and fine; and, at last, the case is referred to the Governatore, or Chief Magistrate, or to the appropriate courts of justice, and the culprit is given over to the secular arm.

The Rector of G., however, was not naturally inclined to resort to severe measures, unless as a last extremity. He preferred admonishing the refractory, threatening and reasoning with them by turns; and he was generally successful in either reclaiming them, or in getting rid of the obnoxious persons by their voluntary removal out of his parish. It was observed, that on St. Bartholomew's day, when the names of those who have stubbornly refused to confess, and to take the sacrament at Easter, after repeated admonitions, are finally placarded on the walls of the church of that name, in the island formed by the Tiber, and marked thereby as excommunicated and separated from the bosom of the church,—it was observed, that seldom, if ever, any name from the parish of G. appeared on that ignominious list.

The modest household establishment of Don

Lorenzo was presided over by his sister, a maiden lady some years older than himself, who had something of the prudery and primness of a spinster, united to a placid temper, courteous manners, and a kind, affectionate heart. La Signora Gertrude had been handsome, and, from certain expressions and glances which escaped her now and then, it might be supposed that she had not been entirely a stranger to the tender passion; but, from what causes she had been prevented from tying the indissoluble bands of Hymen, remained a secret deposited in her own breast. She was pensive and sedate without being melancholy: whatever her disappointments might have been, she had fostered no envy towards the more favoured of her own sex, nor spleen against the other half of mankind; she had turned the current of her affections into that of her sisterly love towards her two remaining relatives, the Vicar and his brother, Don Egidio. The latter, who was the eldest of the family, a plain, quiet, good old clergyman, had applied in his youth to music; and his skill at the organ, and his clear tenor voice, had recommended him to the notice of his superiors, from whom he obtained a small benefizio or living, attached to the Basilica of St. John in Laterano. After attending for many years to his duty in that church, he had now, being *giubilato*, or superan-

nuated, on account of his age and infirmities, retained a slender pension. With a remaining fondness for his favourite art, he had transferred the use of his musical talents from the sumptuous pontifical choir of the Lateran to the humble precincts of his brother's parochial church, where he performed on the old crazy organ on Sundays and other festivals, and, on some great occasion, displayed also the quivering tones of his broken voice, in singing the Kyrie Eleison, Gloria in Excelsis, and Credo, at the Rector's messa cantata, or high mass.

Besides the three individuals above-mentioned, there lived at the parsonage a curate or *sotto curato*, as he is called at Rome, who, for his board and lodgings, assisted the Rector in his parochial duties, sat at the confessional, attended the sick, preached every other Sunday, and had his share of the fees, which he eked out by giving elementary lessons to the children of the parish. All the parochial duties, even the most arduous one of attending the sick, were shared on the most equal footing by the Rector, who was often called, in the middle of the night, to attend the sick bed of some of his parishioners, to comfort them, pray with them, and administer the viaticum and the extreme unction.

The attendants at the parsonage consisted of a

female servant, a decent widow, who was both cook and maid, but was assisted in her culinary office by her kind mistress, who prided herself not a little on that branch of domestic economy. The other menial was, at the same time, chierico, or vestry-clerk, a blundering overgrown lad, who attended in the church in the morning, and waited also upon the Rector in a domestic capacity.

The parsonage house was an old capacious building adjoining the church, and facing the principal street of the parish. A private stair-case communicated from the house to the vestry. The church was old and small, of only one aisle, and having no transept; besides the main altar, which was raised on a few steps, and divided by a balustrade from the body of the church, there were two lateral ones, at which mass was occasionally officiated on particular days. A wooden pulpit, two confessionals, and a baptismal font, completed the appendages of the temple. The vestry was divided into two apartments; the outer one, in which the robes of the priests, and the sacred vases and utensils were kept, and an inner one, in which the rector sat in the morning and listened to the appeals of his parishioners, distributed his certificates, and kept his register-books. A back-door opened into a garden which extended to the banks of the Tiber, and from

which there was a fine view of the hill of Janiculum, rising behind, and graced with the villas and palaces of the Roman nobility.

The life of the rector and his family glided on in a uniform but happy tranquillity. Don Lorenzo had no great expectations, and therefore was not exposed to great disappointments; he enjoyed a decent competence, an annual stipend of somewhat less than one hundred Roman scudis, which with his *patrimonio*, or little property, and the fees of the parish, were found sufficient for the support of the inmates of the parsonage house, economically, but not penuriously. The Rector was no courtier; he had been but once in his life to the Pontifical palace, to pay his homage to his Sovereign, and that was under the reign of Pius VI. (Braschi,) when he was appointed to his rectorship; and he now expected with some trepidation to have the same duty to perform on the arrival of the newly-elected Pope Pius VII. (Chiaramonti.) The only personage of rank whom his duties obliged him to visit occasionally, was the Çardinal Vicario; and for this purpose only he now and then ventured into the patrician part of the town, the neighbourhood of the courtly Quirinal. On those occasions, he wore his best suit of black cloth, for the winter, and silk for the summer, silk stockings and gilt silver shoe-buckles, which is the becoming dress of

the Roman clergy, distinguished from that of a private gentleman by the black stock, or collar, turned with white, the mantelletta, or plaited silk mantlet, hanging behind the coat, and the three-cornered hat.

Once a week, the Rector dined with one or the other among the wealthier families of his parish, especially at a rich landed proprietor's, with whom he was a great favourite. Far from being a parasite, he seldom accepted invitations from new acquaintances, or people whose conduct he did not approve of; and he was known to have civilly but firmly declined the pressing requests of a patrician, on account of some scandal which existed in the family. Don Lorenzo, however, was no austere, unsociable rigorist or bigot; he knew how to accommodate himself to the joviality and small talk of the laity: his presence, and his well-known but unostentatious virtue, though they did not check innocent mirth, were sure to silence indecency, and put irregularity to the blush. This worthy ecclesiastic, although of a sanguine temperament, seemed to have obtained a just control over his passions: he ate with a healthy appetite, without being either gross or particular in his diet; he drank common wine, the usual beverage at Rome, generally tempered with water, rose early from table, took his cup of

coffee, and then, if in winter, and fine dry weather, he went out for a walk; if in summer, he retired to his apartment for his afternoon's nap. His evening walks were chiefly round his parish: he conversed with those of his flock he met in the streets or at their doors, or in the shops, which in Italy are generally open in front: then adjourned to the apothecary's or tobacconist's, where a few old politicians used to meet, who, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, talked still of the seven years' war; and thence at *un ora di notte*, or an hour after dark, he generally returned home, pleased with others, as well as with himself. He then read his Breviary, prepared his sermons, or attended to his other professional business. A slight supper concluded the evening, and before eleven o'clock he retired to rest. In the morning he rose early, said his prayers at a little window which from his apartment opened into the church, and opposite the altar, where, as in every parish church, the consecrated host was kept, with a lamp always burning before it. After drinking his cup of chocolate, which constituted his breakfast, he went down to church, and said mass; after which he sat in the confessional, if his presence was required by any penitents; then went to visit the sick, or instructed children in their catechism, and prepared them to receive the sacrament. Mar-

riages, baptisms, and burials, formed the remainder of his parochial duties,—summing up the whole of which, his life could certainly not be said to be either idle, or useless to his fellow-creatures.

The Rector was respected, and generally beloved, by his parishioners; he was truly charitable, and out of his slender income he still found means to spare a mite for the poor, who often applied at the parsonage, the more frequently, as at Rome there is no regular provision made for them. Where his means were not sufficient, he was not backward in appealing to the charity of the rich among his flock, and his applications being discreet, while his appeals proceeded from the heart, he was generally successful.

His charity manifested itself chiefly when called to afford the consolations of religion to persons approaching the end of their earthly career. Neither weather nor hour was regarded; loathsome or contagious diseases did not deter Don Lorenzo from approaching the death-bed, and he often passed a sleepless night in these soothing and evangelical duties.

Such was the modest tenour of the life of the virtuous Rector and his family, when circumstances occurred in his parish which ruffled their till then uninterrupted peace; and by giving a

new interest to Don Lorenzo's existence, and affecting him in his only vulnerable point, created to him additional cares, and prepared the way for the regret and disappointment which embittered the latter part of his life.

How little do those know what is desirable in this world, who complain of the monotony of their existence! If they knew, that which can only be known from tardy experience, that an increase of cares, of hopes, of activity,—that the excitement of feelings, even the most pure and noble, is always accompanied by grief and often by disappointment,—that the more we mix with the world, and the further we enter into the vortex of busy life, the more we are exposed to its storms,—how thankful they would feel to Providence for their mediocrity, which makes them glide along the current of existence, quiet, unobserved, and unmolested!

Among the houses which the Rector of G. visited occasionally, was that of the sisters Lentini, three sober-looking elderly maids, who supported themselves decently by dress-making. They were industrious and pious, had never been handsome, and were regular attendants at the parish church and at the confessional. Don Lorenzo was wont, two or three times a week, to call in as he returned from his evening walk, and chat for

about half an hour, while the sisters were at work. A cup of coffee, or a glass of lemonade, was generally offered to him, after which the Rector said a short prayer, and then took his leave to go home.

The house next to the Lentini's had been long occupied by an elderly widow, a distant relation of the three sisters. This was no other than Susan Santini, a remarkable woman in her station of life. She was possessed of a strong sense and shrewdness, which appeared on her expressive countenance; and her manner and language showed that she had mixed with a world superior to that in which she habitually moved. She was at the same time industrious, regular in her habits, honest, and strictly economical. She worked at her needle, and took in the linen of several families in the neighbourhood. But it was evident from her manner of living that she had other resources besides her manual labour. She had had for several years previous to the epoch we are speaking of, the care of a boy, who by his appearance and the attention that was paid to him seemed to belong to some family of superior rank. A sort of mystery hung over young Anselmo's birth and connexions, and no information could be obtained from Susan, who with great dexterity eluded the prying inquiries and indirect ques-

tions of her neighbours, by evasive answers. "Anselmo's father was a foreign gentleman of a distant country,"—that was all that could be obtained. There was also a strong suspicion that Anselmo's father was a heretic, but the boy was brought up in the Catholic tenets, and the Rector was satisfied with this.

When Anselmo was seven years of age, the widow took him with her on a distant journey. She remained absent several months, after which she re-appeared again, but alone; her task was evidently over, and she had restored the boy to his natural protectors, who probably rewarded her for the pains she had bestowed on the child by an annual pension.

Three years after Susan's return, Anselmo was seen again at her house. He was now grown taller; his hair, which had been remarkably fair, had become dark; his dress was foreign, and his pronunciation, naturally Roman, had assumed a slight shade of a foreign accent. An air of pensiveness, bordering upon dejection, remarkable in a youth not ten years old, hovered about his features. All these circumstances re-awakened the curiosity of the neighbourhood. Many particulars nearly forgotten of Anselmo's first residence at the widow's were now remembered again;—the private carriage and li-

very servant (a rare sight in the solitary street where Susan lived), the elegantly dressed lady and gentleman who had alighted from it, and entered Susan's humble threshold, the delicate complexion of the boy, the master that superintended his education, his sudden disappearance, and as sudden return,—were so many points on which the gossips of the district, old and young, commented freely. Scandal was busy at work, but had no tangible object to level her shafts at; the boy was too evidently no relation of Susan.

At last, the report of Anselmo's re-appearance, swelled by all the wonderful accessions which the fruitful imaginations of Roman idlers could invent, reached the ears of the Rector. Don Lorenzo was as free from prejudice as a Roman Catholic clergyman, of moderate information, and who sincerely believes in the infallible authority of his Church, can be. He checked the garrulity of those who reported all the marvellous stories about Anselmo, and told them to mind their own concerns, and not those of others; while at the same time he considered in himself whether he was not, in conscience, obliged to break through the rule of discretion he had thus laid down for his flock.

Don Lorenzo, as I have mentioned before, had a vulnerable point about him, notwithstanding

all his charity and Christian benevolence; he really believed what he taught and professed to believe,—that no one can be saved out of the pale of the Roman Catholic church. The only exception which he admitted was that of invincible ignorance, and this he restricted to those who never had an opportunity of coming in contact with a Roman Catholic sufficiently informed to give them an idea of the principal tenets of his religion. The inference he drew from this belief was, that every Catholic, and especially every Catholic clergyman, ought to endeavour to instruct as many persons as possible in the doctrines of his church, that all those precious souls might be saved. Discretion and prudence, of course, were to be consulted; but the paramount duty was to instruct heretics and unbelievers, without, however, producing thereby any greater evil to the church.

With these sentiments, the Rector saw his path clear before him. He had understood that Anselmo's father was a Protestant; the child had now been living three years with his relations; he might probably have imbibed some of their erroneous tenets, and this, too, at an age when impressions are said to be lasting. It was therefore the Rector's duty to examine the boy's principles, and take care that he should not want proper instruction to distinguish truth from error.

Don Lorenzo went one evening, as usual, to the sisters Lentini's, and from thence sent a message to Susan that he wished to speak to her, requesting her at the same time to bring her young charge. The widow obeyed, and the Rector retired with her into an inner apartment, to be free from interruption and intrusion. The following dialogue then took place:

"Well, Susan, I hear you have taken charge again of the stranger-boy, about whom you and I have had several words years back, when I came to your house for the *Stato dell' Anime* (the yearly census of the inhabitants of Rome, which is taken in each parish, by its respective rector, at Easter-time). You would never tell me then who the boy's parents were. You gave me a name, without any circumstantial account to entitle it to belief. Was it the real name and surname of the child you gave me? Mind, now, what you say."

"Padre Curato, I did not tell you any falsehood; Anselmo's father's name is De Bree."

"And his father is an heretic?"

"He was, Padre Curato."

"How was,—is he turned Catholic?"

"He is dead, and unless by a miracle, I fear he died a Protestant."

"And his mother?"

"His mother is a Christian."

"And Anselmo, what is he now?"

"The poor boy recollect sstill his Paternoster and Ave-Maria, but I am afraid his father has staggered much the early doctrines in which he was brought up. He never went to mass all the time he remained with his parents."

"That must not be," said Don Lorenzo, resolutely: "it is my duty to see that Anselmo should be brought up under our mother church. I feel myself answerable for his soul, and——But where was the child born?"

"Here at Rome, but christened privately."

"But are you sure he was christened?"

"O yes, I have it from my own sister, blessed be her soul! she gave him the water as soon as born, with the proper words, and had him afterwards christened in the country.

"Now, Susan, that you have spoken as a reasonable woman, you must tell me every thing you know about this boy. You know, of course, every thing about him. It is an imperious duty, and not vain curiosity, that impels me to ask you these questions. The boy was born a Catholic, brought up a Catholic, and must live a Catholic; and I must know how to act with regard to him."

Susan, after some remaining hesitation in betraying a secret to which she had been accus-

tomed to attach an idea of the most awful importance, "Padre Curato," said she, "the interest of this boy, for whom I have the feelings of a mother, induces me to reveal to your Reverence what I know of his history, and a sad tale it is. Were it not that Anselmino's welfare, both worldly and eternal, are at stake, Susan Santini would keep her mouth close, as she has done for the last ten years."

"Yes," replied the Rector, "you were always headstrong enough on that score, for repeatedly have I inquired of you, when the boy lived with you before, about his real name and parents, but you would never satisfy my just questions. You almost put my parochial dignity at defiance, and I had once or twice a mind to try the effects of my authority."

"You would never have obtained from me a word more of explanation—except under the seal of confession—I would then have spoken the truth." And so saying, Susan's features assumed a dignity which struck even the Rector.

"Never mind the past, now," he replied kindly; "I knew you bore an excellent character in your neighbourhood, and therefore I overlooked your singularity in this instance. I never entertained any suspicion of your honesty, or that of your daughters."

"Well may you say so, please your Reverence, for we poor people that live on the sweat of our brow, have no time to spend in sinful pleasures, like the wealthy and the idle. Any one might have seen by the appearance of this child, that he could not be laid at our doors. I am, besides, too old, and my daughters have always been both honest young women; although Anne has had several offers before she was married, and even one carnival, when she went to see the masks, his Excellency Prince B—— whispered something in her ears. And as for Clementina, she has still a ring that the King of Sweden put on her finger when he went to visit the tombs of the Scipioni, for my daughter was then with Baroness Montroni, in whose vigna the excavations were, and" ——"That's all likely enough, I have no doubt," said the Rector, smiling at Susan's awakened maternal vanity. "Your daughters are now married and settled. But we were going to speak about this poor boy, for whom I feel the interest of a pastor. How has it happened that he has returned with you, and how long since?"

The mention of Anselmo's name stopped effectually Susan's garrulity. Her smiling recollections of Prince B. and of King Gustavus him-

self, vanished from the widow's mind; for the good woman loved Anselmo even more than her own daughters; she was proud of him, although he was the child of strangers.

"It will be three months, come our holy Christmas, that a foreign gentleman, calling himself Anselmo's uncle, came one evening to my house, and brought the boy with him. He said that he had taken charge of Anselmo, as his father had died in those sad revolutions at Naples, and I understand from Anselmo that poor Signor Ernesto was killed by those villanous lazzari. So that the boy is now an orphan; and his uncle told me, he wished to leave him at my house for a few months, until he had resolved where to place him for his education. He settled the monthly pension he would give me for his board and lodging, and I was glad to have Anselmino again upon any terms, as the boy seemed sadly out of spirits. From that evening, therefore, Anselmo remained with me; next day his uncle sent his clothes, and I understood a few days after, as I called at the locanda in Piazza di Spagna, that the uncle had left Rome."

"This is rather singular," said Don Lorenzo. "But now tell me what you know of this boy's

parents. Anselmo, go into the other room; we will call you in presently."

The boy obeyed, and Susan then, although with some reluctance, gave an account of Anselmo's birth and parentage, which was the substance of what we have already seen in the preceding Chapters.

"Well, Anselmino," said Don Lorenzo, addressing the boy whom Susan had now brought in again, "so you have lost your father at Naples?"

Anselmo related the particulars of the catastrophe; he described forcibly the entrance of the Calabrians into De Bree's house; their dragging him through the streets of Naples; and, at last, the murder of his father near the Mercato. He had not seen the last transaction with his own eyes, for the crowd prevented him; but he recollected the shouts, and the rush, and the firing of arms; he heard a shriek, and a moment after he saw his father borne by two Calabrese soldiers to the house of the Vicar-General.

"What a scene of horror! what a butchery!" exclaimed the good Rector, lifting up his hands to heaven. "Why, this is worse than the French themselves! Thanks to the protection of our holy apostles, we have not had such scenes in this metropolis."

The boy went on then relating the sequel of the sad story of Donna Leonora, whom we left in the preceding chapter at Ruffo's head-quarters. The Cardinal, although in the midst of pressing occupations, which called for the employment of all his time, did every thing in his power to alleviate the distresses of that unfortunate lady. After endeavouring, in vain, to soothe her grief, he represented to her that her children demanded her care, and persuaded her to remove to her house at Capodimonte, which was still untouched, and where she might remain secure, under a trusty guard which he would place at her door.

Next day, De Bree's body was interred privately in a garden belonging to a foreign merchant; a plain slab covered his remains. Colella attended, by the Cardinal's order, to see this last duty performed towards the unfortunate stranger.

Donna Leonora remained for several months in a state of stupor and apathy, the effects of her irretrievable misfortunes. She spent her days in retirement within her innermost apartments, musing, reading, and praying. Anselmo was left to the care of her attendants, and whenever admitted, which was generally once a day, to her room, she gazed at him, and wept bitterly.

The younger child, on account of its helplessness, was left with her the greatest part of the time.

At last, towards the end of that year, when some sort of order and security were re-established at Naples, Mr. Lefort, half-brother to the late De Bree, came to Naples. He had long interviews with Donna Leonora, and, from what Anselmo could collect, their conversations related to some matter concerning the children. Anselmo was one day told by his mother, that his uncle had come to take him away for a little time; that he must now look up to him as to his father; "at the same time, never forget, my boy," said Donna Leonora, embracing him, "that you are a Catholic, and that I am your poor unhappy mother."

The boy wept bitterly; he did not understand clearly his situation, but he felt it was a painful one. Next day, Mr. Lefort came early in the morning in a post carriage to take him away. Anselmo knelt by his mother's bed-side, asked and received her blessing, and, in going out of her room, found his uncle waiting for him. They entered the carriage, and next moment they were driving as fast as Italian postillions can drive, on the road to Rome. They did not stop in the

latter city, except to rest one night; and next morning set off again for Pisa and Leghorn, where Mr. Lefort had relatives. There they passed the winter, and, in the spring, proceeded to Florence, where Mr. Lefort took a house out of town, to spend the fine season in that delightful neighbourhood.

During all this time, Mr. Lefort treated Anselmo like a distant relation; he provided for all his wants, and even took pains to forward him in his studies; but, in other respects, he behaved with great reserve and a sort of distant coldness towards him. His disposition seemed soured by disappointment, and bordering on misanthropy. Endowed with talents, an acute mind, and a strong volition, contradiction irritated him; and, as he was firmly persuaded of the correctness of his judgment, he felt angry when the folly, weakness, or wickedness of others, directed things differently from their proper course. This irritability had found full exercise in the events, public and private, of the time; and the temper of Mr. Lefort had been put to severe trials. Nervous complaints were added to mental sufferings; hence his present unsocial habits and morose disposition, very different from his natural bias.

Anselmo's heart had been chilled by his solitary education, and the sort of mystery which was kept in his intercourse with his parents; his rising feelings were afterwards shocked, and his intellects bewildered, at the scenes of woe he witnessed, and of which his father was the victim; and it was only after that father's death, that he was openly told of the degree of relationship between them; he only knew he had a father after he had lost him. The settled melancholy of his mother, and now the sternness and reserve of his uncle, completed the estrangement of the boy's mind from all ties, and he felt, as it were, alone in the world.

When, therefore, Mr. Lefort, having, towards the end of that summer, returned to Rome with him, told Anselmo that he was going to leave him for a few months with his old mamma Susan, as the boy used to call her, Anselmo was delighted; and it was a novelty to him to find himself near a person who really loved him, and showed him her love by words as well as by acts. He parted from his uncle without regret, and he seemed even to fear the moment of his returning to him, especially as Lefort had announced to him that he intended to take him to his native country, far from Italy, and there put him to school.

Anselmo imagined, from what he had seen of Mr. Lefort, that all the people in his country must be as austere and as distant as his uncle; and an idea of unsocial gloomy habits and harsh manners associated in his fanciful mind with that of foreign countries, beyond the boundaries of Italy.

Don Lorenzo, after listening to Anselmo, who expressed, though in different words, the substance of what has been just related, mused awhile, and then asked the boy if he would not like better to remain at Rome, near his old mamma, nursed and kindly treated, and to be brought up in the bosom of the only true church, in which he was born, and thus save his immortal soul from perdition. Anselmo answered, that he should like to remain at Rome very well; but that with regard to religion, he had heard many things from his father and his uncle that had created doubts in his mind as to the truth of the Catholic doctrines.

The Rector smiled with an air of compassion, while, at the same time, the candour of the boy interested him.

"We must recover this stray lamb, we must snatch this soul from perdition," said he to Susan. "I will undertake the charge Heaven sends me,

and you must assist me in this good work. Take care of this child: I shall speak to the Superiors about him, and let you know their directions; meantime should his uncle come again to claim him, use all your endeavours to delay the moment of surrendering Anselmo, and inform me immediately of what is going on. Use your own discretion, but do not surrender the child without having first seen me."

Susan seemed lost in conflicting sentiments. "But," said she, "Padre Curato, on what plea, on what authority, am I to refuse the boy to his relations?"

"On my authority, and that of the Cardinal Vicario," said Don Lorenzo, raising his voice, and, at the same time, getting up from his chair. "You are not responsible; I answer for all."

"Since it is so," said Susan, bowing assent, "I shall endeavour to detain the boy until you know of it; at all events, I can send him to your house. Your Reverence will then settle the affair with the uncle, and I shall wash my hands of it."

"Well, well," said the Rector, rather impatiently, "mind what I tell you; don't give up the boy without my consent. Meantime," said he, turning to Anselmo, and patting his cheek,

"you must come some evenings in the week to the parsonage-house, and we will talk together more at leisure: I shall endeavour to supply the place of your lost father; but remember, you have a Father above," pointing to heaven, "who will never forsake you, if you follow his commandments."

And thus the Rector parted from the widow and her charge for that night.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.